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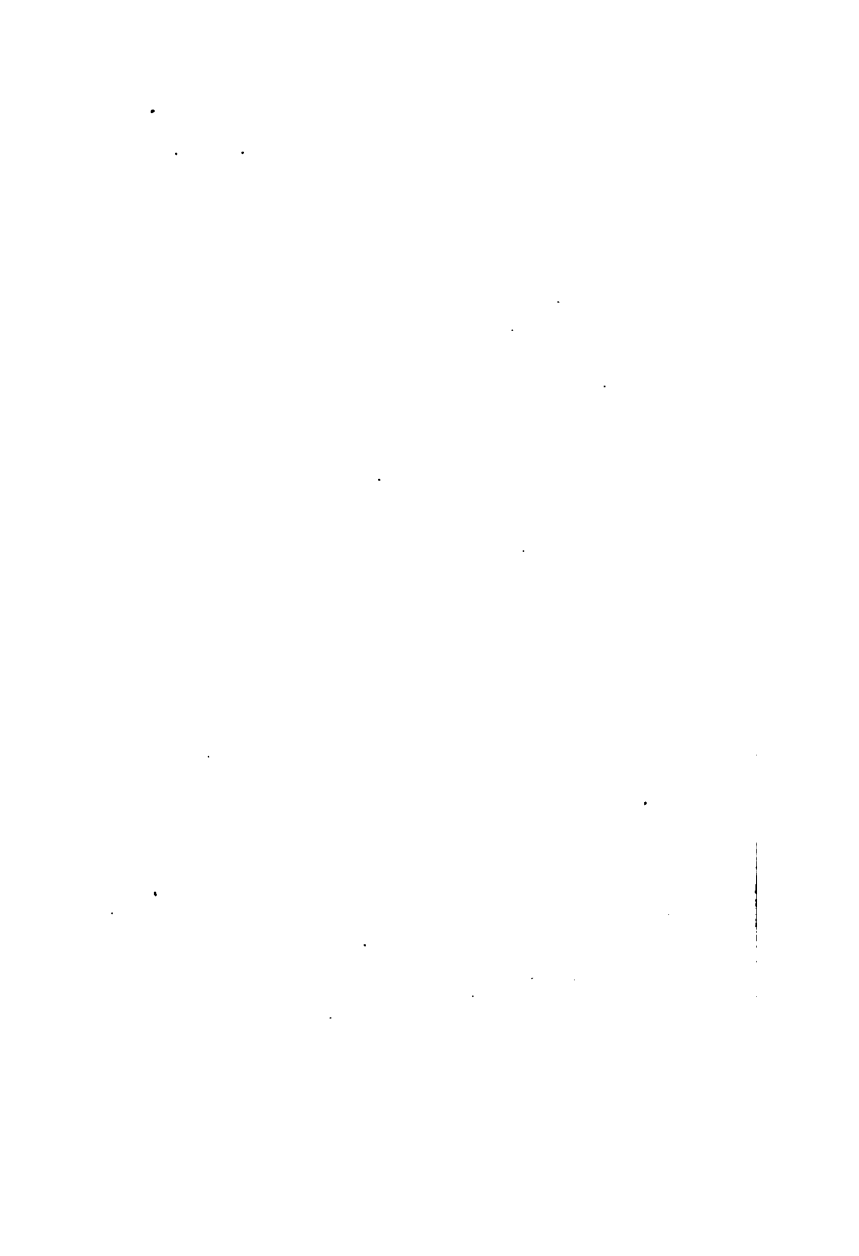


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Minnie & Lora Ketur
from Mama -
Brighton Oct. - 1860

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THE OLD SERGEANT AND ANNA.

page 26.

D.



THE OLD SERGEANT AND ANNA.



ANNA ROSS:

THE

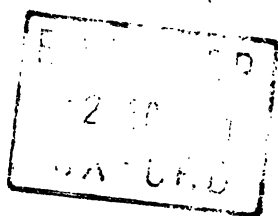
ORPHAN OF WATERLOO.

BY GRACE KENNEDY,
AUTHOR OF 'FATHER CLEMENT,' 'THE DECISION,' ETC.

TWELFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

IN the following Story an attempt is made to assist religious parents in impressing the important truth on the minds of their children, that this life is only a portion of time, short and rapid in its progress, in which the 'one thing needful,' is to prepare for the eternity that shall follow.

All religious parents, at those moments when their views are clearest, and their resolutions most single, desire to impress the minds of their children with this truth, and also to preserve

them from those pursuits which fascinate and ensnare the unrenewed heart, and make it turn with indifference or disgust from that religious training which is uncongenial with its nature, but which God has appointed as the means to bring the soul to Himself; but how few steadily and perseveringly act up to their convictions on this point! How do they waver and hesitate! How inconsistent are their calmer views and their practice! How little can they endure the thought that their children shall forego on account of religion any advantage esteemed by the world! and how often do they risk their eternal interests, by setting them the example of professing to give up the world, while still, in many things, they conform to

it, and set a high value on its approbation! What can be expected from such an education, but that young people should grow up with their heads full of religious knowledge, and their hearts full of the love of things, which, though perhaps not the most glaringly so, are yet altogether worldly? Were religious parents more single-hearted in obeying the precept, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,'—they might more confidently trust to the fulfilment of the promise, 'and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

ANNA ROSS.

SURELY there is no British boy nor girl who has not heard of the battle of Waterloo! It was early in the morning when the accounts of it arrived in Edinburgh; and many people were awakened by the firing of the great guns from the Castle, to announce the joyful news. Then were seen servants hurrying to the post-office to get their masters' newspapers—gentlemen hastening to the same place to learn what had happened—and every face expressing interest and anxiety; for many had brothers, and fathers, and sons, and dear friends and relatives, in that battle. And though the loud thunder of the cannons,

as it was echoed by the towering buildings of the old town and the neighbouring hills, carried joy to the hearts of many, while they thought only of the victory that had been gained, others felt only alarm and apprehension lest those they most dearly loved might be amongst the number who must have suffered in the battle. Such were the feelings of Mrs Ross, the mother of the little girl, whose story will be told in the following pages. On that morning Mrs Ross and Anna had risen at their usual early hour, and were beginning the day as they did every day. Anna had read a portion of the Bible to her Mamma, who had explained it to her as she proceeded, and listened to all her questions and remarks with her usual gentle kindness: and answered her so as to make Anna feel that God was present every where, and saw her heart every moment, and loved those who loved Him, but was angry with the wicked, every day. After this reading and conversation with her Mamma, Anna had sat down on a footstool beside her, to commit to me-

mory some verses, as she did every morning, while Mrs Ross read to herself. When the first gun was fired from the Castle, little Anna started up and hastened to the window. Mrs Ross's house was in a street from whence the Castle was seen, and, just as Anna reached the window, she saw the flash and smoke of a second cannon.

'Oh, Mamma, the Castle is firing!' exclaimed she. 'There must be a victory! Papa will get home!' On turning round, Anna perceived that her Mamma had become very pale, and was leaning back in her chair. Anna ran to her. 'Dear Mamma, are you ill? You tremble all over! What shall I get for you? Dear Mamma, speak to me!'

Mrs Ross put her arm round her little girl, and said, 'I want nothing, my love.' But she seemed unable to say any more; and little Anna, forgetting the guns and every thing else, stood looking anxiously at her Mamma, who started and sometimes shuddered at their loud reports. Just as the firing ceased, Mary, Mrs Ross's maid,

came into the room to say, that Mr Grey, a kind friend of Anna's Papa, had just called on his way to the post-office, to beg Mrs Ross not to be alarmed, and to say he would bring the newspaper himself, and let her know whatever had happened.

Mrs Ross and Anna immediately went down stairs, and Anna placed herself at the window to watch for Mr Grey's return. The time seemed very long; at last she exclaimed, 'There he is! there is Mr Grey!' and herself ran out to open the door for him, but Mary too had been on the watch, and, on Mrs Ross coming into the lobby, she met him. Mr Grey turned away a little on seeing her, and looked so grave, that Mrs Ross could only say, 'I see, Sir, you have bad news for me;' and she then stood as motionless as a statue.

'No, no, not bad news, I hope,' replied Mr Grey; 'only an honourable wound, my dear Madam.'

'Wounded!' repeated Mrs Ross, 'is his name among the wounded?'

‘Yes, my dear Madam, you shall see it yourself.’ Mr Grey supported Mrs Ross to a chair, and then showed her the list of the wounded in the newspaper. Of some it was said they were wounded slightly, of others severely, and of others dangerously. ‘Major Ross severely’ was read by Anna’s Mamma. She repeated the word ‘severely.’ ‘Yes,’ said Mr Grey, ‘but not dangerously.’ ‘God grant it may be so!’ ejaculated Mrs Ross fervently. Then added, ‘I must go to him, Mr Grey.’

Mr Grey tried to dissuade Mrs Ross from this plan. She had been very unwell during the winter and spring, and had a cough, and at times pain in her side, and Mr Grey thought her quite unable for the fatigue she proposed. But Mrs Ross would not be dissuaded; and Mr Grey at last consented to make inquiries whether any vessel was to sail from Leith in which she could be accommodated. He then left her; and Mrs Ross, after kissing little Anna tenderly, desired her to remain for a time with Mary, and then

went into her own room, and locked the door. Anna thought the time very long while her Mamma staid away ; but she knew that she would be displeased if she disturbed her while locked into her own room. Mary entreated Anna to eat, as it was past her breakfast time ; but when Anna tried to do so, she could not, for her heart was full, and she could only think of her Mamma. At last she ventured to take some tea and toast to her Mamma's room door. She knocked very gently, and Mrs Ross opened it.

‘ Dear Mamma, it is very late, and you have eaten nothing.’ She looked up anxiously in her face.

Mrs Ross stooped and kissed her, and took what she had brought from her ; but when she said, ‘ I thank you, my dear,’ Anna scarcely heard her, she spoke so low ; and she saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping. Mrs Ross, however, did not invite Anna into her room ; but after putting down the tea, gently closed the door, and again locked it. Poor Anna did not return

to Mary, but sat down on a step of the stairs near her Mamma's door, and wept in silence.

After a long time, as Anna thought, she heard her Mamma's footstep in her room, and instantly hastened softly down stairs to conceal her weeping face. Mary had left the room, supposing Anna had remained with her Mamma, and she had time to dry up her tears before Mrs Ross came down stairs and entered the room.

'Come hither, my love,' said she to Anna, who had turned away to hide her face. She immediately came to her Mamma, who drew her into her bosom. 'Will you go with me, Anna, and assist me to nurse your Papa?'

'Oh yes, dear Mamma, do let us go.'

'But, my love, you do not know what you may have to suffer. We must go by sea, probably with very bad accommodation,—no good bed to sleep on,—no good food to eat,—no maid to attend you.'

'Will Mary not go, Mamma?' interrupted Anna.

‘No, my love, I must have no expense I can avoid.’

‘Well, Mamma, I can do quite well without Mary, if you will tie my things that fasten behind.’

‘Yes, my love, but what I mean to prepare you for is this, you must try to enable me to trust that you will do every thing for yourself that you can, and neither be a trouble to any one, nor give me cause to be anxious about you ; for when I get to where your Papa is, I must devote my whole cares to him ; and, if I did not think I might trust to your being rather a comfort than a cause of anxiety to your Papa and me, it would be wrong to take you ; yet I know no one here with whom I should wish to leave you.’

‘Oh Mamma, do not, do not think of leaving me ! Indeed, indeed, Mamma, you may trust me. I shall not be a trouble to you.’

‘Well, my dear Anna, I hope I may. But remember, my love, I warn you before we go, that you will have many, many inconveniences and hardships to meet with ;

you will be sick at sea ; you will be crowded into the same cabin with a number of people ; and no quiet or comfort night or day ; and I may be sick at the same time, and no one to be sorry for, or take care of you.'

'Or of you, Mamma?' asked Anna anxiously.

'I trust God will support me, my love.'

'And God will take care of me also, Mamma.'

'Oh, my dear Anna,' said her Mamma, pressing her closely to her heart, 'If I thought you really loved God, and really trusted yourself to his love and care, I should have no anxieties about you ; but, Anna, there is a great, great difference between reading and learning about God to please me, and because I wish you to do so, and loving Him really, and really trusting Him ; and I fear, as yet, my Anna only reads and learns the character and will of God, because I wish her to do so.'

Anna hung down her head, and made no answer, because she knew that what her

Mamma said was true ; and while she stood thus, for an instant, she said in her heart, ‘ O Lord, teach me to love and to trust in Thee ! ’ And though Anna, ever since she could speak, had knelt, morning and evening, at her Mamma’s lap, and repeated her prayers ; yet perhaps, in the sight of that God who looks on the heart, Anna had never before really prayed. Mrs Ross kissed Anna, and then rung for Mary, and desired her to pack up some things, while she also occupied herself in the same way. Anna immediately thought with herself, ‘ Now, how can I be useful to Mamma ? ’ and then very soon found out many ways that she could be so, and anxiously avoided asking a question, or doing a thing that could be the least troublesome.

Before Mrs Ross had finished her necessary arrangements, Mr Grey returned to say that a vessel was to sail that evening for Rotterdam ; that it would be crowded with passengers ; but that another vessel would sail in a few days, for which he urged Mrs

Ross to wait ; but she determined to go that evening.

Every preparation was soon made, and about six in the evening good Mr Grey saw Mrs Ross and Anna safely on board, and soon after the vessel moved out of the harbour; the sails were spread; and when Anna looked back to the shore and the pier, where the numbers of people, and noise, and bustle, and voices, had so confused her, that she scarcely knew where she was, nor what she did, it seemed as if they were receding from the ship, and she no longer heard their noise. It was a beautiful evening in June, and most of the passengers remained on deck. Mrs Ross and Anna did so also, and all around her was so new to Anna, and occupied and amused her so much, that she could scarcely believe it possible, when her Mamma told her it was her usual time of going to bed. Mrs Ross, too, began to feel the air chill, and she and Anna went below. It was as Mrs Ross had said ; the cabin was crowded to excess, and the beds as small and close as pos-

sible. Anna for a time shrunk from creeping into the one destined for her Mamma ; but recollecting her promise not to give any trouble, she begged her Mamma to allow her to undress herself ; and while she tried to do so, and laughed at her own awkwardness in undoing those fastenings she could not see ; she also occasionally stole a look at her bed, which seemed to her no larger than a shelf in her Mamma's wardrobe at home. She, however, with her Mamma's assistance, crept into it, and getting as far back as she could, to leave room for her Mamma, was soon fast asleep.

Next morning poor Anna waked more sick than she had ever been in her life ; so were most of the other passengers ; and for that day, and the following day and night, there was nothing but complaints and sickness, and crying children, and running to and fro of the two old sailors who attended on the passengers. Mrs Ross suffered less from sickness than the others, but the closeness of the cabin made her cough incessantly ; and

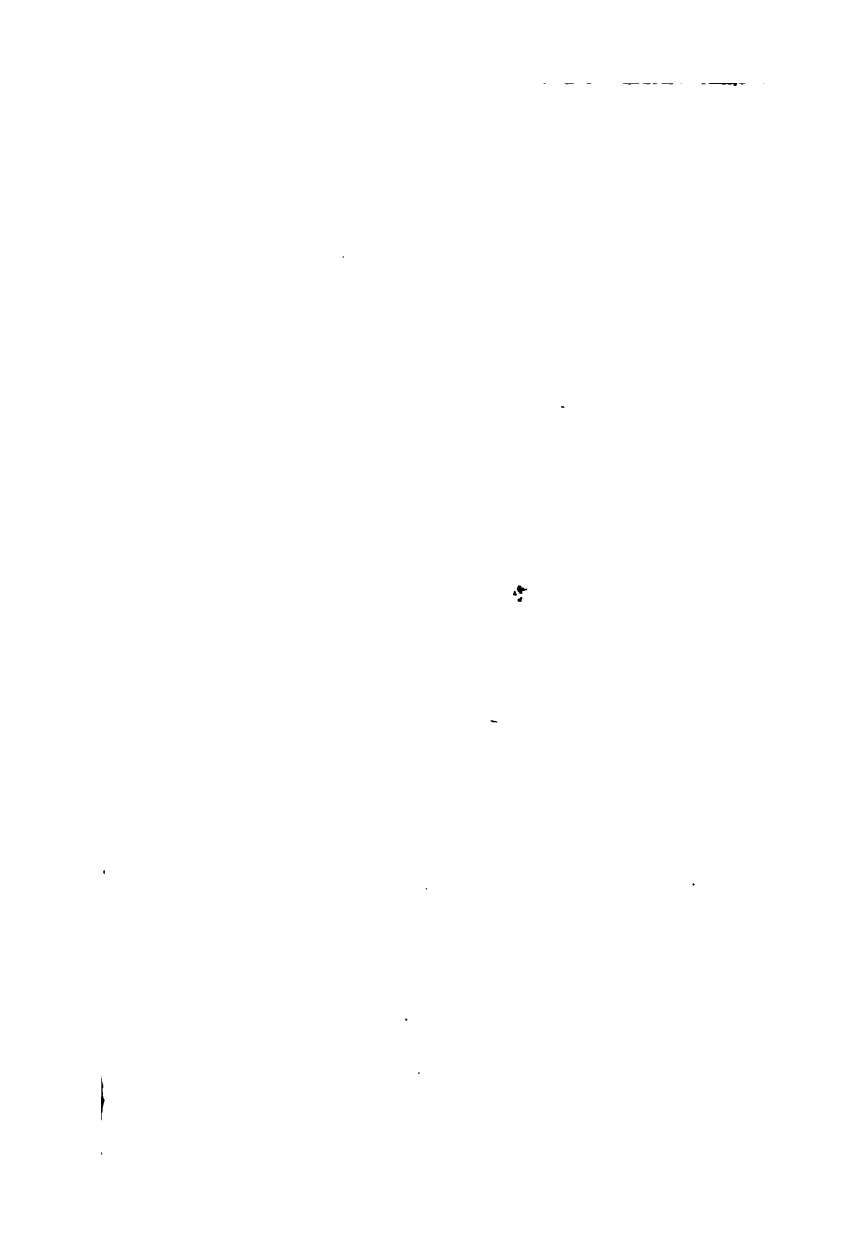
at the close of the third day, when the other passengers were beginning to feel well, she seemed worn out and ill. When Anna was able to go on deck, however, her Mamma went also, and the air revived her strength. Among the passengers was another officer's lady. Her husband had not been wounded, but she was going to join him. This lady's name was Mrs Mason. When she was sick, Mrs Ross nursed her as well as Anna ; and when she was again well, she was anxious to prove her gratitude to Anna's Mamma, by showing her every attention in her power.

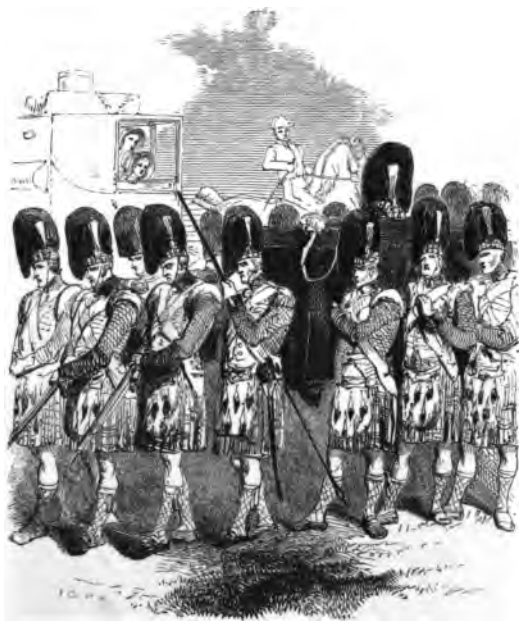
When the vessel arrived at Rotterdam, Colonel Mason, Mrs Mason's husband, was waiting there to receive her. Colonel Mason knew that Major Ross, Anna's Papa, was among the wounded, but had not heard of him since the day after the battle. He could, however, direct Mrs Ross to the place where he and other wounded officers of the same regiment had been carried. It was a village a few miles from the field of Waterloo.

Mrs Ross immediately left the vessel, and travelled the same day till within a few miles of this village. Mrs Ross then became so very much fatigued, that she could travel no farther, and had to stop and rest till the following day, when she and Anna set out from the village. As they drove rapidly along, Anna observed that her Mamma frequently clasped her hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven, and wept ; but Anna did not say any thing, lest she should trouble her ; she only prayed in her heart that God would comfort her Mamma. At last she ventured to say softly, ‘ You love God, Mamma ; He will support you.’

‘ I have no other support, my own Anna,’ replied her Mamma. ‘ He does support me, or I should not have strength for this moment. Perhaps, Anna, your Papa may be very ill,—perhaps you no longer have any Papa.’

Anna had never thought of this ; and just then the post-boy turned round to point out the village to which they were going, and





IT WAS AN OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

There were many files of soldiers



which Anna now saw at no great distance. Mrs Ross again clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. She leant back in the carriage, but Anna kept her eyes fixed on the village.

‘I see a great many soldiers, Mamma,’ said she at last. ‘They are all standing before a white house at the end of the village nearest us. And now I see they are Highlanders. Perhaps they are Papa’s own soldiers. Now they begin to move slowly; they are coming quite near, Mamma, I hear music; how slow and melancholy it is!’

The carriage moved on till the soldiers came up. The post-boy then stopt at one side of the road to let them pass. It was an officer’s funeral. The soldiers, as they passed the carriage at a slow and solemn march, looked so grave and sad, and the music was so mournfully solemn, that Anna felt partly sad, and partly frightened. She held her Mamma’s hand firm in both of hers, while she continued silently to watch the slow procession. There were many files of soldiers

passed,—then the sad music,—then more soldiers,—then, carried by soldiers, came the coffin, and on it lay the officer's military cap, his sash, his sword, and belt. Just as this passed, Anna exclaimed, 'Dugald! There is Papa's servant, Dugald!' The soldier heard Anna's voice, and looked up. 'My master's child!' exclaimed he; and then the other soldiers who were near also looked into the carriage and stopt for an instant. Dugald, however, gave them some directions, and they moved on, while he himself left the ranks, and came near the carriage, but not so near as to listen to Mrs Ross, who made a sign to him to approach. He took no notice of her sign, but waited till the soldiers had passed, then hastened back to the village.

'I see how it is, Anna,' said Mrs Ross, quickly; and when Anna looked round, her Mamma had sunk back in the carriage; her eyes were closed, and she was quite pale. Anna had seen her Mamma faint before; and though she was very frightened, she remembered what should be done, and sup-

ported her, as well as she could, in her arms, till the carriage stopt at the white house in the village. Dugald was waiting to open the carriage door, and though he was a brave rough soldier, when he saw Mrs Ross in a faint, and poor little Anna, almost as pale as she was, attempting to support her, tears gushed into his eyes. He, however, hastily wiped them away, and then gently lifted, first Anna, and then her Mamma from the carriage. The woman of the house was waiting to assist; and Mrs Ross was carried into a room and laid on a bed, and every thing proper done to recover her. In a little time she opened her eyes; and when she saw Dugald, who just then entered the room with something he had gone in search of to hasten her recovery, she said to him, 'Your master is gone then, Dugald?'

Dugald seemed as if he could not answer; at last he said, 'He is gone, Madam, from a world of care, and sorrow, and suffering, to one of everlasting happiness.'

Mrs Ross then asked some questions re-

specting her husband; and when she had heard all she wished, and that it was his funeral she and Anna had met on the road, she sent Dugald and every one away but Anna, and then desired her to draw the curtains of the bed close round her. 'And now, Anna,' said she, 'come and lie down beside me, for you are now all that God has left me on earth.'

Anna did as her Mamma desired, and when she put her arms round her neck, and put her little face close to hers, Mrs Ross wept very much, and Anna wept and sobbed with her.

For three days Mrs Ross was very little out of bed; for when she attempted to rise, she became so faint that she was obliged to lie down again. During these three days, Anna watched constantly by her Mamma's bed, and when she could listen, read portions of the Bible to her. Mrs Ross never seemed well except when Anna was thus employed; but her cough had become so unceasing, that it was only at short intervals she could

listen. There were many officers lodging in the same house, who had been wounded in the battle, and they required much attendance from the people, so that Mrs Ross was left almost entirely to the care of Anna and Dugald. Dugald, however, was an excellent assistant to Anna. He stationed himself during the day near her Mamma's room door, and never left his post except when obliged by his military duties. At night he wrapped himself in his plaid, and lay down just behind her door, so that whenever Mrs Ross wanted anything, Anna had just to open her door gently, and there was Dugald ready to get it, or to find some one who could. Poor Dugald, from the first day he had seen his lady on her arrival at the village, had thought her looking very ill, and had entreated her to allow him to bring the surgeon of the regiment to visit her. Mrs Ross would not consent at first; but after a few days, when she felt herself becoming worse and worse, she allowed him to do as he wished. When the Doctor came,

Mrs Ross sent Anna out to take a short walk, attended by Dugald, for she wished to see the Docter alone.

As Anna passed out of the house, and along the road near it, many soldiers were standing about, who, when they saw her accompanied by Dugald, guessed who she was : and she heard many of them say, ‘ God bless her for her father’s sake.’ Anna did not stay out long, for she wished to return to her Mamma ; and on coming back there were more soldiers near the house than there had been before. They stood back respectfully to let her pass, and many of them again prayed God to bless her ; and one, an old sergeant, stepped forward holding in his hand a basket filled with nice fruit and flowers, and said, he hoped she would not refuse to accept of a little mark of respect from her Papa’s own men. Little Anna thanked the old soldier, and said she would take the fruit to her Mamma. He then gave the basket to Dugald ; and when Anna, who felt that she loved her Papa’s old soldier, held out her

hand to take leave of him, he stooped down and kissed it two or three times, and then turned away to wipe the tears from his eyes, as many of the other soldiers did also.

When Anna returned to her Mamma, she pressed her to eat of the soldier's fruit, and she picked out the most beautiful of the roses to place in her bosom, and told her how the soldiers had blessed her for her Papa's sake. Mrs Ross let her do as she would for a time, and listened to her account of what she had seen and heard; she then said, 'There are many, Anna, who will be disposed to love you for your Papa's sake, for he was a kind friend to many; but there is One, Anna, who has promised to be the Father of the fatherless. Do you love Him, my child?'

'I think I do, Mamma.'

'If you love Him, Anna, then you may be sure He loves you far more; and if so, you will believe that whatever is best for you, though it may cause grief and pain at the time, is what He will do.'

'I think I believe so, Mamma.'

‘Do you think God loved you when he took away your Papa?’

‘I think God loved Papa, and took him away from this world to make him quite happy,—happier than he could be here; and I love God for loving Papa.’

‘And if God should show his love to your Mamma, Anna, by taking her away to be happy with your Papa in heaven, should you then love God still more?’

Anna looked up in alarm, ‘Mamma, what do you mean?’

‘I have asked you a simple question, my love.’ I believe firmly, Anna, that I should be far happier in heaven than here. Do you think you would love God more if He took me to heaven?’

Poor little Anna became as pale as one of the lilies she had brought to her Mamma, and could not keep from crying, while she answered, ‘No, no, indeed, Mamma. I cannot say I could love God if He took you away from me.’

‘Then, my dear Anna, you love me more

than God; and you remember who it was who said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

'But, Mamma, how can I help it?'

'God is going to teach you how you may, my love. He is going to teach you by your own experience, that your Father in heaven can do a thousand times more for you than any earthly parents. He is going to take away your mother as well as your father, that you may have none to trust to, or to love more than himself. He is constantly near you, Anna. At this moment He is present with us, and looking on your little heart, which He sees ready to break, because I am telling you that you are to have no parent but Him. Yet though you love Him so little, He still loves you. He sent his only beloved Son into the world, to assure us that He loved us. Jesus invited children to come unto him, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. He never changes. He loves children as much now as he did when he was on earth, and still invites them to come to

him, and promises that he will "gather them with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." Why, my dear Anna, do you suppose that God sent his Son into the world to become a little child ?

'I do not know, Mamma.'

'It was for this reason among others, my love, that he might himself feel as children feel. Jesus was once a child of your age, Anna, and remembers and knows what the feelings of children are, and suits his love and grace to them. God has given his Son to us, that he might lay down his life for our sins ; that he might be our friend, and guide, and teacher. He is in God, and God is in him ; and if you, my dear Anna, will give yourself to him, he will be all these to you, and far more than any earthly parent could be ; for all things are his, and all hearts are in his hands, and he can make all things, and all hearts work together for your good and happiness ; and above all, he can give you, yourself, my Anna, a new heart, and prepare you to live for ever in heaven.'

Mrs Ross spoke to Anna with so much solemnity and earnestness, that she soon became exhausted, and was obliged to lie down. Anna watched beside her, and thought of what she had said, and then she prayed in her heart that God would not take away her Mamma.

From day to day Mrs Ross continued to grow worse. At last she was quite confined to bed, and spoke so low that Anna could scarcely hear. A nurse had been procured by Dugald to be constantly with her, while he continued to keep watch at her door.

One morning very early, Anna was awakened by the nurse, who said her Mamma wished to speak to her. Little Anna immediately got up, and hastened to obey the summons. She found her Mamma sitting up, supported by pillows in bed. She looked very ill indeed, and breathed very quick, and she could only say two or three words at a time.

‘My dear Anna,’ said she, ‘I have sent

for you once more before I leave you. Listen to me, I am scarcely able to speak, but must say three things, which I hope, my dear love, you will never forget. Anna, when the last day comes, the Lord, the Great Judge, will make a separation between his own people who have loved and served Him, and those who have loved the things of this world more than Him. He will place his own people at his right hand, and those who are not his at his left. Anna, will you seek to meet me at his right hand that day?’

Mrs Ross spoke with great difficulty, but also with great solemnity; and when she asked the last question, Anna trembled, and answered, ‘I will seek to do so, Mamma.’

‘Then, my love,’ resumed Mrs Ross, ‘you will begin seriously to seek Christ; for there is no name given under heaven, or among men, whereby you can be saved but his. I charge you, Anna, never to suppose that you are safe, or that you will meet your Papa and me in heaven, till you can truly say that you know Christ, and that he is all

your salvation. You do not fully understand what I say, therefore I charge you, my dear Anna, never on any account, or wherever you are, to let one morning or evening pass without praying to God ; and, if possible, reading, as you have done with me, a portion of his holy word.'

Mrs Ross could say no more, but she made signs to the nurse to take Anna away, and she was again put to bed in a little room off her Mamma's ; and when the nurse came again to her, it was to tell her that her Mamma was in heaven.

Two days after this, Mrs Ross was buried in the same grave with her husband ; and on the following day, little Anna, under the care of the nurse, who was a soldier's wife, and who had promised to Mrs Ross, before her death, not to leave Anna till she had placed her safely with her own friends, set out on their return to their own country. Dugald also accompanied them, and saw his master's child safe on board the vessel which was to convey her to a new home among

strangers. He was then obliged to return to his regiment.

The home to which Anna was now to go was the house of her uncle, her Papa's brother. This gentleman had just been expected home from the West Indies, at the time Mrs Ross and Anna had left Edinburgh to join Major Ross, and with whom, if he had been arrived, Mrs Ross would have left Anna. He was Major Ross's only brother, and had been appointed by him, in the event of the death of her parents, one of Anna's guardians. The other guardian was her Mamma's brother, Mr Murray; and Mrs Ross had left directions in her will, that Anna should first go to her uncle Ross's, and remain with his family six months; and then to her uncle Murray's, to remain the same time; at the end of which she was to be allowed to choose in which family she would reside as her future home.

Poor Anna was again very sick for two days on her passage home. The nurse watched by her, and when she got better, took her

on deck, and did all she could to comfort and amuse her; but Anna could not be amused. Her heart was sad, for she could only think of her own dear kind Mamma: and when she looked up to the pure blue sky above the ship, she wished that she could die too, and go to her; and then the thought would come into her mind, perhaps if I did die, I should not get to where Mamma is; and then she would weep, and try to remember what her Mamma had said to her was the only way to get to heaven. She had not once forgotten to pray morning and evening since her Mamma had so solemnly enjoined her to do so; and, indeed, she had prayed far oftener; for she remembered that God was now, as her Mamma had told her, her only Father; and her heart began to feel confidence in God. She remembered that her Mamma had said, that all hearts were in his hand; and as every one was good and kind to the little orphan, she knew that it was God who made them so, and thanked Him in her heart and in her prayers. When she went on deck,

she would take her Bible with her; and the sailors were so sorry for her, that they had placed an awning over a corner of the deck, that she might have a place to retire to, where the other passengers would not disturb her; and Anna thanked her Father in heaven for all their kindness, and asked nurse to tell the sailors that she did so.

Anna had never seen the uncle to whose house she was going; but she supposed he would be like her Papa. She had often heard that her aunt was particularly anxious about the education of her children. She had one son and three daughters, for whom Anna had heard of tutors and governesses being sent from both France and England to instruct them; and she felt rather afraid, she scarcely knew why, to meet this aunt.

At last the vessel arrived at Leith, and just on its entering the harbour, a person came on board to inquire whether Miss Ross was among the passengers; and then Anna was informed that her aunt was waiting for her in her carriage on the shore; and her little

trunk was got, and nurse was directed to follow with the other things she had charge of; and before Anna had time to think, she found herself on shore, then in her aunt's carriage, in which were her aunt, a little girl about her own age, and a boy a good deal older, who had come down from the coach-box, where he had been seated beside the coachman, and jumped into the carriage after Anna, with no other intention apparently than to stare at her.

Anna's aunt kissed her, and desired her little girl, Louisa, to do so also, and George to shake hands with his cousin. 'You must love each other as brother and sisters, my dears,' said she, 'for I hope Anna will choose to remain always with us.'

Louisa and George made no answer, but continued to stare at poor Anna, who thought it very unkind in them to do so, as she felt very strange, and could scarcely keep from crying.

'Were you sick at sea, my dear?' asked her Aunt Ross.

'Yes, Ma'am, very sick,' answered Anna.

‘You will soon be well and happy, my dear, with your young cousins. Though they look so shy, and do not speak, it was their wish that our airing should be on the sands to-day, just in the hope that we should hear something about you; and when we saw a sail making for the harbour, we sent immediately to discover from whence it came; and when we heard from Rotterdam, we hoped you might be on board. But, my dear,’ continued Aunt Ross, ‘you are not in mourning. That will look very odd. You must not be seen till you get mourning.’

Poor Anna could no longer keep from crying, for this remark reminded her of her Mamma. She attempted to say that there had been no time to procure mourning, but she could not speak, and just turned away her head and wept. Her aunt did not attempt to comfort her, but she heard her whisper to her cousins, ‘Do not mind her, my dears, it will soon go off;’ and then they began to speak of other things, as if she had not been present; and George told his Mamma, that

Sam the coachman had allowed him to drive for most of the time he had been on the coach-box ; and his Mamma said, that if she had known it she should have been terrified out of her senses ; and George laughed and insisted on again getting out of the carriage, that he might show his Mamma at what a rate he should make the horses go on Leith Walk ; and his Mamma entreated, and Louisa held by his jacket, and George only laughed the more ; and getting his head out of the window, called to Sam to stop, which he immediately did. The servant from behind came to know what was wanted, and was ordered by George to let him out ; and while he was doing so, he was desired by Aunt Ross to charge Sam on no account to allow Master George to drive. During this scene, Anna was so astonished that she forgot every thing else.

‘He is a sad boy, my dear,’ said her aunt to her, on observing her looks of surprise ; ‘But his Papa and Tutor know how to manage him. You, Anna, will be under

my care, and I hope you will be very good and obedient.'

Anna said she hoped she always should be so, and then the carriage was again stopt to direct Sam to drive to the dressmaker's; and when they arrived there, so much was said by Aunt Ross about how every thing was to be made, and 'Let every thing be as deep as possible, for the child has just lost both her parents,' and so on, that poor Anna was soon again in tears, and in her heart longed for her quiet little corner under the awning on the deck of the little vessel, where the rough sailors had felt so much more for her than her aunt seemed to do. At last Aunt Ross had given as many directions as she thought necessary respecting Anna's dress; the carriage was ordered home, and in a few minutes stopt at the door of a large house in Charlotte Square.

'Now my dear,' said Anna's aunt to her, as they entered the house, 'you will just go up-stairs, and remain with Miss Palmer out of sight for a day, till you get your mourning

dress. Oh, you do not know the way, and I feel so fatigued, I really cannot mount the stairs to the schoolroom : John,' addressing a footman, 'do you show Miss Ross the way to the schoolroom ; Louisa must remain with me, as Lady Alderston may perhaps call this forenoon, and she expressed a wish to see my children ; and Anna, my dear, tell Miss Palmer to have the other children nicely dressed, for if Lady Alderston should ask for them, I shall send to bring them down.'

Anna promised to do as her aunt desired, and then followed John, who proceeded up stairs before her to the door of the school-room, which he threw open, and announced, 'Miss Ross, Ma'am, the young lady who was expected.'

Anna timidly entered, and was received with kindness by Miss Palmer. There were two little girls in the room with Miss Palmer, whom she introduced to Anna as her two cousins. They were two pale sickly-looking little creatures ; but they seemed very happy to see Anna, and immediately entreated

Miss Palmer to give them a holiday because their cousin was come. 'Oh, no, no, my dears,' replied Miss Palmer, 'you have had two holidays this week, and your Mamma said you could have no more, on any account whatever, and you know your cousin is to remain with you.'

'But do, Miss Palmer, give us at least two hours,' said the eldest, whose name was Jane. 'Oh, pray do, if you please, just this once, Miss Palmer,' said little Marianne, tears starting into her eyes, 'for I am so tired sitting in *this* stiff chair with my feet in the stocks!'

'No, no, children, it cannot be,' replied Miss Palmer, 'and you must not tease me. I dare say your cousin is a good little girl, and tired of being idle.'

'Tired of being idle! I wonder who ever tired of being idle,' said Marianne, putting her arms coaxingly round Anna. 'Are you tired of being idle!' asked she, looking up in her face.

'Perhaps I could assist you. What were

you doing?' asked Anna, while she warmly returned her little cousin's caresses.

'Now, you see what a good, kind little girl your cousin is,' said Miss Palmer, 'and how much better bred than you, Miss Marianne; for you repeated my words very rudely, and Miss Anna has shown that she knows how to be both kind and polite.'

'But will you really assist me?' asked Marianne, still clinging to Anna.

'Indeed I will, if you will tell me how I can.'

'Oh, come, come then,' exclaimed Marianne, joyfully.

'But I must first deliver my message to Miss Palmer,' said Anna; and then she told her aunt's wish that the children should be dressed, and ready to be sent for, if Lady Alderston called; and then, though the little cousins could not have a moment to get acquainted with Anna, every thing must be stopt, and they sent off to the nursery, though already quite neatly dressed, to be

decked out, that a stranger might perhaps say to their Mamma, 'What nice children,—what pretty children!' and forget the next moment that they were in existence.

Little Marianne was very anxious that Anna should go with her when she went to be dressed, but Miss Palmer said, 'No, no, my dear; Miss Anna shall remain with me, and that will make you return the sooner;' and poor little Marianne ran off to get dressed as fast as Kitty, one of the nursery-maids, would be prevailed on to assist her. In her absence, Miss Palmer asked Anna many questions.

'May I ask how old you are? Miss Anna.'

'I was nine about two months ago, Ma'am.'

'Nine! You are very tall of your age. Miss Louisa is ten, and she is no taller, I am sure. Have you begun music?'

'Yes, Ma'am. Mamma had been teaching me two years.'

'Indeed! and French? can you speak it at all?'

Anna answered Miss Palmer in French, that her Mamma had been teaching her that language also.

‘Indeed!’ repeated Miss Palmer, ‘and you seem to have got the pronunciation very correctly. But that is not in my department. Poor Mademoiselle, the French governess of your cousins, got into such bad health as to be obliged to return to her own country. Mrs Ross is in search of another; and in the mean time the children have a master. You have learnt dancing, I suppose?’

‘No, Ma’am, I never have.’

‘What! No dancing! That is very extraordinary.’

Miss Palmer asked a great many more questions, and concluded, after Anna had answered them all, by saying, ‘Well, my dear, I hope to find it a pleasure to carry on your education. You seem to have been accustomed to regularity and obedience, which I too have always been accustomed to exact.’ She then kissed Anna affectionately; and the little orphan remembered

that God was her father, and she thanked Him for making Miss Palmer love her.

When Jane and Marianne returned, Miss Palmer immediately set them to their lessons. Jane sat down to the pianoforte to practise, while Miss Palmer sat by to instruct her, and also to remind her how she ought to sit and use her fingers, and how to place her feet, and her elbows, &c. As for poor Marianne, she was set on a high chair, the back of which was so made as to oblige her to hold her head and shoulders properly; and her poor little feet were placed in stocks, because her Mamma said she turned her toes in when she walked; and in this stiff attitude she was getting a lesson for her French master. Anna sat down by Marianne, and assisted her so much, that her little cousin two or three times forgot, and threw her arms round her 'dear cousin Anna's' neck to thank her; but every time she moved from the posture in which she had been placed, Miss Palmer added to her task, so that poor Marianne at last remembered Miss Palmer's

instructions, to express what she felt by words. 'You have a silly childish way, Miss Marianne,' continued her governess, 'of always putting your arms round one, crumpling one's ruff, and almost strangling those you love. You know your Mamma has often forbid your doing so.'

Poor little Marianne seemed to think she had been guilty of a serious fault, and a blush spread over her pale sickly little countenance, while Anna felt bewildered on hearing blame attached to those proofs of affection, which her own Mamma had always received from her, and returned with the most tender kindness.

Dinner followed the lessons ; and an hour's walk followed dinner, during which the children were directed how to sit, and how to eat, and how to be graceful, and how to be polite ; and Louisa looked tired and cross, —and Jane looked stupid,—and little Marianne cried two or three times,—and Anna did all she was desired as well as she could, and was praised by Miss Palmer, but

wished very much that it was bed-time, when she hoped that nurse would be allowed to attend her. Bed-time came, but when Anna modestly asked Miss Palmer if she might be allowed to see nurse, she was told that her Aunt Ross had thought it best that they should not meet again, because a parting scene would have done no good to either ; but that nurse had been well rewarded for the trouble she had taken.

Poor Anna could not stand this, and burst into tears. 'Oh fie, fie!' exclaimed Miss Palmer, 'what a baby! Come, Miss Louisa, you shall say your prayers first, and I shall give Miss Anna that time to recover herself.'

Louisa knelt at Miss Palmer's lap, and repeated a short prayer without seeming to attend to a word she said ; and though she concluded by a long yawn, Miss Palmer found no fault. When Louisa rose from her knees, Miss Palmer motioned to Anna to take her place. Anna drew back. When she was a little child she could have said her prayers at any one's lap, but now she

knew better what it was to pray, and she felt that Miss Palmer was a stranger.

‘Come along, child,’ said Miss Palmer, impatiently.

‘If you will be so good as allow me, Miss Palmer, I will say my prayers in my room before I go to bed.’

‘Nonsense,’ said Miss Palmer, ‘don’t keep me waiting;’ and poor Anna knelt down. She remembered, however, that it was God himself that she, a little ignorant, sinful girl, was addressing, and she repeated a prayer her Mamma had taught her when she was two years younger (for latterly she had been instructed to pray to God from her heart), with awe and reverence in her tone of voice, and in her manner; and when she rose from her knees, she thought that when she got into her own room she would read a portion of the Scriptures, and pray to God for those blessings He had promised to give in answer to prayers of the heart. Anna was sadly disappointed, however, when, on Miss Palmer ringing her bell

twice, the maid who had, about an hour earlier, come to take Jane and Marianne to bed, again appeared, to whom Miss Palmer said, 'Take the young ladies to the little room off mine, which was prepared for them, Hannah, and do not allow them to trifle while you are undressing them, for I shall be in my room in half an hour; and remember, Miss Louisa, if you are not in bed, I shall just take away the candle, and leave you to get into it as you best can.'

Hannah had prepared every thing in the girls' little room. She had opened Anna's trunk, and got all that was necessary, and now offered her assistance to undress her.

'If you please, Hannah, give me my Bible out of my trunk; I always have been used to read at least a few verses before I lie down to sleep,' asked Anna, modestly.

'Certainly Miss Anna; but you will have very little time, for Miss Palmer is very exact in always doing as she says, and she will take away the candle whether you are in bed or not.'

‘Well, Hannah, I do not mind. Pray, give me my Bible.’ Hannah did as she wished, and Anna began to read ; but Louisa talked so much, and so often addressed what she said to her, that she found she could not attend to a word she read,—and then Hannah every moment reminded her that Miss Palmer would be coming,—so that, at last, poor Anna was obliged to shut her Bible, and allow Hannah to undress her, and she was scarcely in bed when Miss Palmer entered the room. Louisa, who had disregarded all Hannah’s exhortations to make haste, and who seemed quite a new creature when no longer in her Mamma’s or Miss Palmer’s presence, was chatting, and laughing, and declaring that it could not be above a quarter of an hour since they had left the school-room, and only about half undressed.

‘Very well, Miss Louisa,’ said Miss Palmer, ‘I suppose you like being in the dark. Come away, Hannah ;’ and she took the candle, and desiring Hannah to leave the room before her, immediately followed, clos-

ing the door after her, and leaving Louisa in the middle of the floor half undressed, and in total darkness.

‘Oh ! Miss Palmer,—if you please, Miss Palmer,’ exclaimed Louisa ; but Miss Palmer said not a word in answer. They heard her moving about in her own room, through which was the only entrance to that in which the girls were ; but she returned not, and poor Louisa had to get into bed, as Miss Palmer had threatened, the best way she could. Anna heard her muttering, ‘How cross ! I shall never get these knots untied,—what shall I do ?’

‘Come near and I shall try to assist you,’ said Anna in a whisper. Louisa groped about in the dark till she found Anna’s bed, and then they together at last succeeded in getting off Louisa’s things, during which she said to Anna,—‘Did you ever see any one so cross as Miss Palmer is ?’

‘She told you what she would do,’ replied Anna. ‘You know she could not help doing it after she had said she would ; and it

was somebody else who was to blame when you were left in the dark.'

'But she might have staid just a few minutes!'

'Then she would have broken her word,' said Anna, 'and that would have been much more sinful than leaving us in the dark.'

Louisa was silent for an instant, then said, 'I hope you like early rising, Anna, for you will see Miss Palmer will send Hannah to us at six o'clock in the morning.'

'And what is the first thing you do in the morning?' asked Anna, in the hope that she might hear that the day was at least begun as she had been accustomed to see it.

'Lessons, lessons, lessons, replied Louisa, 'from morning to night nothing but lessons, and sit this way, and sit that way, and walk so and so, and how awkward you are, and how ungraceful, and you will never be like Miss somebody, or Miss t'other body. Oh how I wish that I was grown up, and then no more Miss Palmer for ever at my elbow!'

‘But do you not read God’s word the first thing you do in the morning?’ asked Anna. ‘How can you know how to please Him, unless you learn what His will is from the Bible.’

‘Miss Palmer reads a prayer, and one of the lessons every morning,’ replied Louisa; ‘but I never listen, nor know what they are about.’

‘And does Miss Palmer not question you whether you have understood what she has read?’

‘No, never. She is in a hurry to finish that we may get to our lessons,—grammar, geography, French, scribbling, arithmetic, long division, and compound multiplication, and parsing and spelling, and jingle, jingle, on the piano,—you are out of time and you are out of tune from the time you rise till you go to bed.’

Anna could not help laughing.

‘Do not laugh; she will hear you,’ said Louisa, ‘and that will bring a lesson on laughing,—about loud laughing, and vul-

gar laughing,—and the polished smile, and the genteel laugh. Oh! if you heard how George could mimic Miss Palmer, but goodness there she is coming;’ and Louisa quickly groped her way into bed, where she was scarcely laid, when Miss Palmer, with a candle in her hand, opened the door, and looked in.

‘Just got into bed, I perceive,’ said she, ‘and your clothes left scattered on the carpet; pray Miss Louisa, just get up, and put them in their proper place.’ Louisa was obliged to obey; but did so with so bad a grace—so slowly, and with such a strong expression on her countenance, that Miss Palmer, as a punishment, told her that the first thing she should do next morning, should be to get a portion of the Bible by heart, to teach her to be of a better temper.

When Miss Palmer left the room, all remained perfectly quiet, and Anna remembered her wish to pray, but she did not feel such confidence in God when she thought of Him as she had hitherto done since her

Mamma's death; and when she began to ask Him to forgive her for what she had done that was wrong, she felt that during the last short time in which Louisa had been speaking to her, she had been led into what was very sinful, in joining in her laugh at the pains and trouble her governess was taking with her; and she prayed God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her, and then again she felt confidence in God as her father in heaven; and she thought of her Mamma, and remembered how she used to teach her every thing in such a way that she loved to be taught. She remembered, too, how often her Mamma had told her, that the only return she could make to those who took the trouble to instruct her, was to love them, and make it as easy as possible for them to teach her, by being attentive and obedient; and while she thought thus, she felt so peaceful and happy, that she believed what her Mamma had often told her, that it was the Holy Spirit, God's own Spirit, who put every good thought into our hearts, and who was 'the Comforter, and

gave us peace ;' and she prayed God to give her His Holy Spirit, to lead her every moment to think, and desire, and love, what was right ; and then she repeated to herself her nursery lines :

Now, when I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep ;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever

and then she fell into a sweet calm sleep.

Next morning all was pretty much as Louisa said it would be. The girls were called at half-past six o'clock ; and, on going into the schoolroom at seven, found Miss Palmer ready to receive them. Louisa again knelt at her lap, and carelessly repeated a prayer. Anna was directed to follow her ; and when repeating her morning prayer in a slow and reverent manner, attempting to enter into the meaning of what she said, Miss Palmer whispered to her, 'Speak a little quicker, my dear.' Miss Palmer afterward read a lesson, and one or two prayers, in a rapid manner ; then closing the Prayer-book,

and putting it away in its place, without attempting to explain any thing she had read, and as if the first duty of the day had been fulfilled, she said, 'Now, my dears, let us to work : ' and while she was looking for the proper book for Anna to get a lesson in grammar, Anna could not help recollecting how often her Mamma had said to her, that the *form* of repeating prayers, and the *task* of reading a portion of God's word, while the heart was not praying, and while the heart was not seeking to understand and obey, was a daring mocking of God instead of pleasing Him ; for that God looked only on the heart. When Miss Palmer gave Anna the lesson she was to get, poor Anna was so occupied with thinking how little she had begun this morning, as her own Mamma had charged her to do, and in trying to find something to say, which might induce Miss Palmer to allow her to return to her little room for half an hour, that she might really pray and read, that she quite forgot her lesson, and was roused from her thoughts by Miss Palmer

saying, with much displeasure, 'Miss Anna, what are you about? When do you expect to have your lesson, if you sit dreaming in that manner?' .

Anna dared not venture to say any thing when Miss Palmer seemed so much displeased, but her thoughts were so much taken up with the idea that she had disobeyed her Mamma's last wishes, that she got her lesson very ill, and then Miss Palmer was still more displeased, and the next lesson was no better,—or the next, and poor Anna was in disgrace most part of the day. Next day was spent much in the same way, and Anna began to feel very unhappy. She had not yet got her mourning dress, and, as there was company constantly with her aunt, she had not been allowed to come down stairs. Her uncle had, on the first day of her arrival, and each day since, come to the schoolroom several times to pay her visits, and had been so kind to her that she already began to love him, and she now thought of a plan that she determined to ask his permission to put into

execution. Anna had observed that there was, next to the schoolroom, a large bedroom, in which no one slept; and she thought, that if she could get her uncle's permission, she would ask Hannah to wake and dress her half an hour earlier than Louisa, and then she would go into that empty bedroom and pray to God alone, and read her Bible, as her Mamma had charged her to do, and be ready to join Miss Palmer and Louisa at the usual time. Full of this plan, Anna, the next time her uncle came into the school-room, ran joyfully to receive him.

'Well, my little Anna, how are you? Well, and happy, I hope,' said her uncle, sitting down, and taking her on his knee. 'You are still a prisoner up here, I find. That dressmaker is a naughty woman.'

'I have a great favour to ask of you, uncle,' whispered Anna into his ear.

'What is it, my love? ask any thing you choose. Is it a secret? Pray, Miss Palmer, take away Jane and Marianne, and leave us for a little.'

Miss Palmer did not look quite pleased, but did as she was directed ; and when she was gone, Anna told her uncle about her Mamma's last illness, and how she had sent for her just before she died, and the three things she had charged her to remember ; 'and, indeed, uncle,' continued Anna, 'I cannot obey my own dear Mamma if I am never one moment alone, and never even allowed to read the Bible ; and then when the last day comes, and Mamma is on the right hand, and looks for me, where shall I be ?' and then poor Anna could not keep from crying and sobbing.

Her uncle kissed her, and pressed her to his bosom. 'You are your father's own child, Anna,' said he. 'He used, from a boy, always to be talking in that way ; and though I think it all nonsense, at your age, to be making yourself melancholy with such things, still, for his sake, and as his father, who was far better than I am, let him do as he choose, you too, Anna, shall have your own way ; so tell me, my love, what you wish.'

Anna clasped her arms round her uncle's neck. 'Dear, dear uncle, how good you are! This is what I wish; you know there is nobody sleeps in the bedroom next the school-room, and if you would allow me to go in there alone every morning, and put my Bible in one of the drawers, and lock it and keep the key, and Hannah to wake and dress me half an hour earlier than Louisa, and tell Miss Palmer not to be angry, for you allowed me.'

'Yes, yes, my love, I shall settle it all; call Miss Palmer, and I shall tell her about it.' Anna ran joyfully to tell Miss Palmer to come, and her uncle directed all to be as she wished, and left Anna quite happy.

Next morning Hannah came at the time she had been desired, and Anna moved about quite softly, that she might not wake Louisa; then, taking her Bible, went into the empty bedroom, and bolted the door; and then she remembered that she was alone with God; and she loved to think that it was so; and she prayed to Him as to a father, and tried

to recollect and confess what she had done wrong, that she might ask God to wash away all her sins in the blood of Christ. And then she believed that they were all washed away; and she prayed for God's Holy Spirit to guide her every moment, and to teach her to understand God's word; and then she read and understood some, though not much; but what she understood she read over two or three times that she might remember it. And she also chose a chapter, that she might begin to commit it to memory, as she used to do with her own Mamma; and she had got two verses, and was just getting a third, when Hannah came to the door to say Miss Louisa was dressed; and then Anna hastened, with a heart as happy and peaceful as possible, to go to her lessons. And though Miss Palmer read the Scriptures and prayers so fast, she still heard something she could understand. Anna's lessons this day were so well got, that Miss Palmer was again quite pleased with her; and she had some time also to assist poor little Marianne. Louisa spent a part

of every forenoon with her Mamma, which Anna would also have done, as Aunt Ross thought she could herself best teach little girls how to be polite, and what to say when any one who called spoke to them, and so on ; but as Anna had not got her mourning dress, Aunt Ross said she was unfit to be seen. On this day, however, Anna's dress at last arrived ; and Aunt Ross herself came up stairs to see how it fitted, and said so much about every part of it, that poor Anna could not keep from crying ; for the dark dress only reminded her that her own Mamma was gone to another world.

Aunt Ross chid Anna for being such a baby as to cry at every thing, and then desired that she should dry up her tears, and accompany her to the drawing-room.

There was nothing in the world Aunt Ross desired more, than what she considered the good of her children ; and she felt quite disposed to adopt the little orphan Anna into her family, and bestow a portion of her cares on her. Indeed, as superintending the edu-

cation of children was what she supposed herself peculiarly capable of performing, it was rather agreeable to her to have one more added to the number of those who she hoped would, on a future day, prove the superiority of her mode of education. With this end in view, Aunt Ross spared herself no trouble which she thought could promote it. Her great aim was, that her young people should be genteel, fashionable, and accomplished. Nothing, however, is more difficult than to define what it is to be genteel and fashionable. Aunt Ross thought she was a perfect judge on these important subjects; but many other fashionable ladies would have laughed at Aunt Ross's notions, and considered her a vulgar under-bred woman; while, perhaps, these very ladies themselves would, in their turn, be held in scorn by others. One of Aunt Ross's methods of forming, as she said, the manners of her young people, was to make them pass two hours in the drawing-room on those forenoons when she remained at home, to receive such visitors as might

happen to call. It was for this purpose that Anna was now desired to follow her aunt to the drawing-room. On arriving there, Anna and her cousin were desired to seat themselves in a window, and occupy their time in getting a lesson for their Italian master; but when any person called to whom Aunt Ross introduced them, to be attentive in remarking their manners, their style of address, and so on. 'If I do not introduce you to any visitor, Anna,' said Aunt Ross, 'you may suppose that I do not wish you to imitate the manners of that person, and you may just go on with your lesson.' Such were Aunt Ross's instructions; and Anna was thinking them over, that she might be ready to obey them, when a servant opened the drawing-room door, and announced 'Mrs Elford,' and a pleasing-looking elderly lady entered.

'Mrs Elford! How do you do?' said Aunt Ross, but without seeming very happy to see her. 'How is Mr Elford, and your young people?'

‘All well, thank God,’ replied Mrs Elford; and then looking smilingly to Anna and Louisa, ‘I hope you are both well, my dears?’

Anna, who had been taught by her Mamma, that the only way to be truly polite was to obey God’s command, to love every one, and to feel gratified for every mark of kindness from others, immediately rose and hastened to give her hand to Mrs Elford, and looked pleased and grateful for her notice, while Louisa did not venture to leave her seat, till her Mamma said coldly, ‘Come and speak to Mrs Elford, my dear.’ She then approached, but Mrs Elford did not seem now to observe her, being wholly occupied with Anna. She had drawn the grateful looking, smiling little orphan, into her kind bosom, and was now caressing her as she talked to her, while a tear sometimes stood in her eye.

‘Will you come and see me, my love? I have many young people at home, and I am sure they will all be most happy to see you.’”

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THE FASHIONABLE VISITOR.

going, went to the window where the little girls were sitting, again kindly invited Anna to visit her ; and then, taking a pretty little book from her pocket, gave it to her, saying, ' Ask your aunt's leave, my love, and then read this little book. I am sure you will like it.'

Anna thanked Mrs Elford very gratefully, and then, though she longed very much to look at the kind lady's gift, she put it aside till she should ask her aunt's leave.

It had taken all this time for Lady Alderston to come up stairs. At last she entered, —a lady so fat, she seemed scarcely able to walk, dressed out in the most fantastic style, and accompanied by a little dog quite as fat, which came into the room puffing and wheezing, and immediately squatted itself down on the rug. Lady Alderston sunk down on a sofa ; and Mrs Ross called to Louisa to bring a footstool, and herself placed a cushion ; and at last the poor lady seemed tolerably comfortable.

' Allow me to introduce my niece to you,

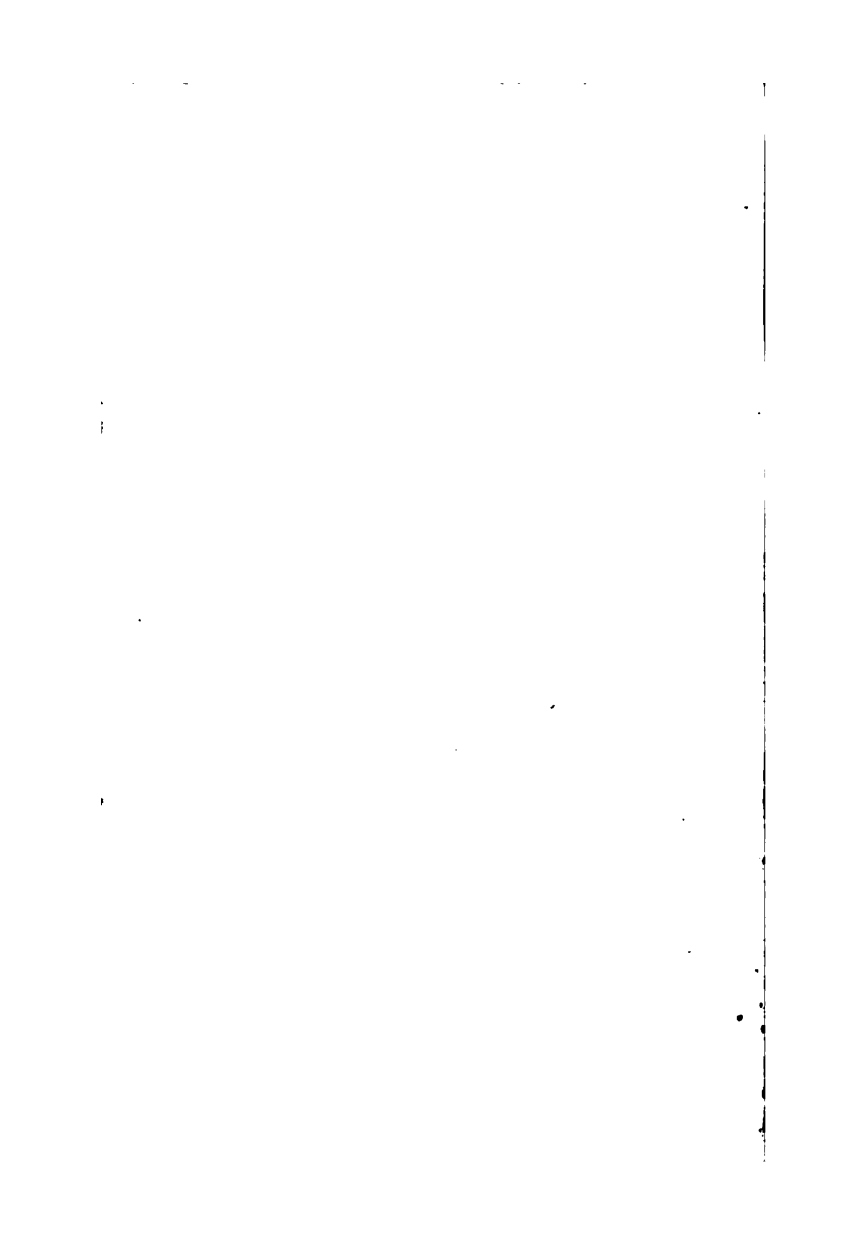


100 FASHIONABLE STYLISH





THE FASHIONABLE VISITOR.



my dear Lady Alderston,' said Aunt Ross, looking towards Anna, who immediately approached. Lady Alderston looked carelessly at her for a moment.

'A fine child, Mrs Ross. Pray, have you got the French governess you were in quest of?' and she took no more notice of Anna, who returned to her seat in the window rather mortified, but recollecting her aunt's injunction to pay particular attention to the manners of those to whom she was introduced. Lady Alderston spoke of the theatre, and of parties, and of balls, and of young ladies who had come out, and of Lord this, and Lord that, and Sir John and Sir Thomas, and Lady M——and Lady S——, the one's carriage, and the other's beautiful suite of rooms. And Mrs Ross seemed delighted, and poor Anna listened as she desired, while her little face became colourless, and she yawned every minute, and was at last quite happy to hear another visitor announced, and then another, and another; but Lady Alderston sat on, and she still was obliged

to listen. She was introduced by her aunt to several other visitors; but the two hours in the drawing-room seemed to Anna the longest she had ever spent in her life, and she felt quite rejoiced when her aunt permitted her and Louisa to return to the school-room. As they went Louisa whispered to her, 'You know, Anna, we are to imitate Lady Alderston, now see how well I can obey Mamma;' and then she walked exactly like her, imitating every motion, till she reached the schoolroom door. She threw it open, and called out 'Lady Alderston,' and then waddled into the room, and sunk down on a chair, pretending to pant for breath, as she had done. Anna could not help laughing, yet she felt that she was wrong in doing so, for her Mamma had often told her that those who ridiculed others for personal defects, which they could not help, mocked not at them, but at their Creator. Anna, too, had observed that Miss Palmer herself had turned away her head to conceal the laugh she could not suppress; yet Anna

continued to laugh, while something within was checking her all the while.

Miss Palmer, however, soon recovered her self-command, and told Louisa she would have no more such feeling; but this was all she said. And when Anna was at last quietly again set to her lessons, instead of attending to them, she began to think how differently her own Mamma would have viewed such conduct; and she said within her heart, 'How shall I learn to be good now? Nobody here is like Mamma.' Then she remembered that God's word would teach her how to be good; and that God himself would assist her if she asked Him, for He had promised to give his Spirit to those who asked Him; and as she sat with her head leaning over her grammar, she in her heart prayed to God to forgive her, and give her his Spirit to lead her to do and think what was right; and then she felt quite happy, and began to get her lessons with a light and cheerful heart.

Anna had not forgot her little book; and

the first time she again saw her aunt, she asked her permission to read it.

‘What is it, child?’ asked Aunt Ross.

‘I have not looked at it without your leave, aunt,’ replied Anna, putting the book into her hand.

‘Very right, my dear.’ And her aunt opened the book and looked at the title-page, ‘A Help for the Young and Ignorant to understand the Scriptures.’ Mrs Ross smiled contemptuously. ‘Poor Mrs Elford!’ said she, ‘does she really think children will read such books!’ then giving it back to Anna, ‘read as much as you can of it, my dear. I give you free leave. It will not be much.’ Anna thought very differently. She just wished for some help to understand the word of God, and she carried up her little book, and as she put it into the drawer beside her Bible in the empty bed-room, she thanked God for having put it into Mrs Elford’s heart to give her such a precious little book; and next morning when she went alone to read and pray, she found that

it assisted her very much to understand what she had never understood before.

One day of Anna's life at her aunt's was very much like every day. Lessons, lessons, as Louisa had said, from morning to night,—or sitting in the drawing-room,—or a formal walk with Miss Palmer. No person in her uncle's house seemed, from one end of the day to the other, to recollect that there was another world,—two other worlds rather, to one of which every man, woman, or child, is on the way. One world where God is, and where good angels, and the spirits of holy people are. Another world to which those who forget God are on their way, where Satan is, and wretched spirits, and unholy souls of men, and women, and children; where there is no hope! where there is nothing but pain, and horror, and misery, and darkness, for ever and ever! but Uncle Ross, nor Aunt Ross, nor Miss Palmer, nor her cousins,—no one seemed to recollect these two worlds. Her uncle looked old, and had grey hairs; but he never seemed to think of any

other world than this, which he must leave so soon. He scarcely ever went to church. He never taught his children or his servants any thing about God. He often when he spoke, took God's name in vain. And Aunt Ross, whatever she did, it was always to do as other people did. Every one does so and so, was a sufficient reason for her doing any thing she wished to do. She never seemed to recollect that God has given us his word to tell us what we ought to do, and that, at last, every one shall be judged according to it. In educating her children, she seemed to think they were to live for ever in this world ; for she only aimed at preparing them to take a part in those things which belong only to this life. Miss Palmer also, after the quarter of an hour she spent in reading a lesson and one or two prayers in the morning, seemed to forget that God saw her and her pupils every moment ; and that, while she was, hour after hour, urging them on in their acquirements of such things as were of no value in his sight, she was neglecting his command,

to train up children in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' to teach them to 'remember their Creator in the days of their youth,' and to tell them that those who sought God early shall find him. If Anna tried to talk to her cousin Louisa about God, or Jesus her Saviour, or heaven, Louisa would get away from such subjects, as soon as she could, and try to do or say something to make Anna laugh, for nobody, she said, spoke of such things except when they were melancholy. Poor little Marianne was the only person in the family who seemed to love such subjects. She was very sickly, and often confined for most of the day to her little crib, to avoid catching cold; which, from having been born in a warm climate, and spending her infancy there, she did very easily. When she was so confined, Anna went to her whenever she was permitted, and the poor little thing soon loved Anna better than all the world besides, and would listen to anything she told her, and loved to hear of that Saviour who came into the world to

save lost sinners, and who loved children, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. She also was taught by Anna to pray to this Saviour, and to repeat some hymns which mentioned his love and goodness to children; and little Marianne would sometimes say, 'I am so often sick, Anna, that perhaps I may die soon, and go to Jesus, and to your Mamma.' And then Anna and she would talk about what Jesus had done for them that they might get to heaven,—how he had shed his own blood, and died a death so painful, that they might never be punished for the sins they had committed; and how he had promised to send his Holy Spirit into their hearts to make them holy, and fit to live in heaven with him for ever. And little Marianne would say, 'I love God for making me sick, for I never should have known about Jesus my Saviour unless I had been confined to bed, and you, Anna, had come to watch me and teach me.' After these times of sickness, Miss Palmer and every one remarked what

a good, industrious little girl Marianne was.

Month after month passed away in the same manner at Uncle Ross's. Anna had become a favourite with every one, as well as with Marianne. Uncle Ross said he loved her, because she was always in good humour, and because she was so kind to his poor little Marianne. Aunt Ross loved her, because all her masters praised her for her docility and attention; and because she danced gracefully, and played well for her age on the piano-forte, and came into the drawing-room quite with the air of a fashionable little girl; and she was never rude or ungentle; and she had improved so astonishingly in all these important things since she had been under her care. Miss Palmer loved her, because she gave her little trouble. Louisa loved her, because she was good-natured, and always assisted in getting her out of the scrapes her love for ridicule, and idleness, and giddiness, were continually bringing her into, Jane loved her because she never laugh-

ed at her stupidity, which all the others did : and George loved her for all the reasons the others loved her ; and poor Anna's heart began to be puffed up with pride, for it is much easier for the human heart to continue soft and humble when in sadness and misfortune, than when all things are prosperous and happy. Poor Anna began to like to hear herself called graceful, and clever, and good-natured. She tried to be more graceful, and exerted herself to excel all the other little girls who were attended by the same masters : not that she might please God,—not that she might prepare to meet her Mamma at the last day, but that she might hear it said that she was the cleverest of all Mr B——'s scholars, or the most graceful dancer at Mr R——'s school, or the first in her class somewhere else ; and all this, instead of being pleasing to God, only made her proud ; and pride is the most hateful of all things in his sight. When Anna began to be proud, however, and to think highly of herself, she began also to think less of God,

and of heaven, and of her Mamma. She still continued to pray morning and evening, and to go alone to read the Bible, and good Mrs Elford's little book ; but she both read and prayed carelessly. Anna now looked upon herself as good and clever, and trusted to herself ; and she had forgotten that it was God who had given her any powers she had, and who had given her health, and friends, and all things.

Anna was in this state of mind when poor little Marianne caught the measles. It was not certain that Anna ever had had the complaint, and she was therefore completely separated from her little cousin, as Aunt Ross said it would be quite a pity to stop all her lessons, and every thing, when she was improving so rapidly, by exposing her to the infection ; Anna, however, was grieved not to see Marianne, and she now felt that she loved her more dearly than all the others ; but Aunt Ross, or Uncle Ross, would not be prevailed on to suffer her to go to the poor little girl. Marianne was

very ill, and many doctors were called in, and Anna saw that her uncle was very uneasy, for she observed him one time, when he came out of Marianne's room, wiping his eyes as he went down stairs; but still she could not get permission to see her. Anna prayed to God that Marianne might recover, but she now found that she could not pray as she used to do. She remembered, that for many mornings and evenings she had prayed to God with her lips, while her heart was far from Him; and now when she wished to pray to Him from her heart, she could only remember how sinful and ungrateful she had been, and she could not believe that God would listen to her, or regard her, except with displeasure. She was very unhappy, and wished that she could be alone for a long time, that she might think over the past, and confess her sins to God, and remember what her dear Mamma used to say to her, and to read those passages in the Bible, which she now remembered to have noticed when she was

reading, in which it was said, 'Return, ye backsliding children, and I will receive you, saith the Lord,' or some such words; but Anna could not get alone, for Aunt Ross had desired that the lessons should go on as usual; and while Anna was thinking on these things, she was at the same time attempting at intervals to note down a task of music. She was also listening to every footstep which passed to Marianne's room; and, on Miss Palmer's leaving the apartment in which they were, Anna, forgetting every thing but her anxiety to hear of her little cousin, slipped to the door, in the hope that she might see some one who could tell her about her. Just on opening the door, she saw a maid-servant come out of Marianne's room at the other end of the passage, and on going softly toward her, observed that she was weeping.

'What is the matter, Hannah?' asked Anna fearfully, 'why do you cry so much?'

'Oh, Miss Anna, who could help crying that saw that sweet child!' and Hannah

burst again into tears, and covered her face with her apron.

‘Is Marianne so ill, Hannah?’ asked Anna, beginning to cry also.

‘Yes, Miss Anna, she is ill, very ill, but it is not that; I have often seen illness before; but to see that young, young thing, with its little thin white hands clasped together, and praying with such a solemn heavenly look in its innocent face! Oh, I could not stay,—it made me seem to myself,—I cannot tell what,—so sinful,—and Hannah cried and sobbed again.

‘Was Marianne praying to be well, Hannah?’ asked Anna.

‘No, Miss Anna. She was praying to Jesus to wash away her sins, and take her to heaven to be with himself; and to come quickly and take her; and she prayed for you, too, Miss Anna, and called you her dear, dear teacher; and for her Mamma, and every one; and she said to me that she was going to where your Mamma was.’ At this moment Miss Palmer appeared, on

her return to the school-room. She re-proved Anna for having left it, and as a punishment, increased her task.

In the evening, the children were informed by their Mamma, that their little sister Marianne was an angel in heaven. That they must be good children, and they too would go there when they died. Aunt Ross could not speak without crying, and she kissed them all kindly, and left them.

Next day the whole family left town, and went to a house a few miles in the country. Uncle Ross looked very sad ; but a number of his friends came to see him, and they took him out, and they staid with him, and talked with him, and did all they could to make him forget his poor little Marianne, and be comforted. Aunt Ross's friends also came to see her, and the children were allowed to be constantly out in the pretty pleasure-grounds, and to forget everything in the novelty of the scene. George received a beautiful little pony as a present from a gentleman, a friend of his Papa's, and before a fort-

night had passed, poor little Marianne seemed forgotten, except by Anna; but Anna had spent this fortnight very differently from the others. When she found that she might spend her time pretty much as she chose, she had found a quiet pretty bower in the garden, to which she had retired every day; and while George and Louisa were going to every part of the grounds in search of novelty or amusement, or disputing which should ride on George's pony, Anna was trying to recollect the instructions her own Mamma used to give her, and remembering how sinful she had been, and praying to God to forgive her, and thinking of little Marianne, and repeating to herself those passages of Scripture she had learned. When she had occupied herself in this way till she found her heart again loving God and Jesus, and trusting in Him, then she would join her cousins.

At the end of the fortnight the family again returned to town. The children were told never to mention Marianne's name before their Papa or Mamma. Lessons and

masters were all again as before; and every thing was done to make every one forget that there had been death or sorrow in the house. When God sends affliction, however, it is in mercy, to make people consider, and remember that they must die, and prepare for it; and when people do not attend to what God does, but turn away from Him and forget Him, then He turns away from them, and ceases to send His Holy Spirit to put good thoughts or good desires into their hearts; and then Satan, and their own sinful natures, make them worse, and more forgetful of God, and more disobedient to Him than ever. So it was at Uncle Ross's. Uncle Ross himself now never went to church at all, and was sometimes so cross that nobody could please him, and then he would take God's name in vain when he found fault with every one, and would curse his servants. George, too, imitated his father, and never would enter church, but spent the Lord's day in riding on his pony, or walking with other thoughtless sinful

boys, or reading any foolish story-book, or tormenting Anna; for though he was always kind and affectionate to her on other days, he could not bear to see her slip away from the drawing-room, that she might be alone on the Sabbath evenings; and he would take up a hunting-whip he had, with a loud whistle at the handle, and he would keep whistling at the back of her door, till the whole house rung. His Mamma reproved him for making such an intolerable noise; but his Papa only laughed, and said it was just what he used to do himself to Anna's father. Poor Anna could not read or pray in such a noise, and she would be often weeping inside the room while George was amusing himself without; and she would say in her heart, 'Oh, God, how can I be good?' and she would even sometimes wish that she might die like Marianne, and go where every one was good; but then she would be afraid; for Anna's heart was by nature sinful, like all other hearts, and she was so often led to do what she knew to be

wrong, that she sometimes feared that she was not really a child of God. She still was often proud of the praises she received, and often eager to excel her companions, and felt elated when she did so, and despised others, and she knew all this to be very sinful : but she so constantly heard her aunt, and Miss Palmer, and every one talk, as if goodness consisted in learning lessons most perfectly, and in dancing gracefully, and in being fashionable in manner, and playing well, and as if nothing was so wrong as being the most stupid girl in the class, or dancing ill, or being awkward, or shy, or vulgar, that poor Anna scarcely could distinguish now what was right and wrong, at least what her own Mamma would have considered right and wrong, as the Bible taught.

Poor Anna was in this dangerous state, when, one day while she was in the drawing-room, her Aunt Ross received a letter, which seemed to displease her very much. After reading it more than once, she threw

it on the table, saying,—‘How provoking! I had quite forgotten that tiresome, vulgar uncle!’ Then turning to Anna, she said, ‘Here is a letter from your Uncle Murray, my dear, to remind me, as he says, that the six months you were to spend with us is now elapsed, and that he will be here himself in two days to take you home with him for the next six months. I am quite vexed at this,’ continued Aunt Ross, looking very much displeased. ‘You will lose every thing you have got. I have done all I could to improve you. Your uncle has determined to add to your fortune, so as to make it equal to Louisa’s. You are two of the most elegant little girls to be seen,—every one says so; and to take you away to live at a Scotch Minister’s! Vulgar people, without fortune, or any advantage; and to associate with their rude hobbish boys. How could your parents make such a will?’

‘Mamma loved Uncle Murray,’ said Anna, who never could bear to hear any reflection thrown on her own Mamma. ‘Well,

well,' replied Aunt Ross, 'your Mamma had some strange notions; but what is to be done now? I would not for the world you should lose all the advantages you have got with me; and six months is such a time at your age. All the other little girls will get before you, and Louisa never attended to any thing half so well till you came. What shall I do?' Aunt Ross thought for a little, then said, joyfully, 'Ah! that will do! Miss Palmer shall go with you; and I can get another governess for Louisa, whom I can myself superintend; and her French governess is to be with us immediately. That will do delightfully, and as much as possible counteract the evil you would acquire at your uncle's. Poor Miss Palmer, to be sure, will not like to bury herself in such a place; but your uncle will increase her salary for the time. You may go to the school-room, my dears, for I must settle all this immediately.' So Aunt Ross rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell a lie, and say she was not at home, though she

was ; and the children went off to the school-room.

Every one was angry at Anna's uncle for coming to take her away. Uncle Ross vowed she should not go, for he could not live without his pretty, good-natured, cheerful, little Anna ; and then he said, 'I have adopted her in the place of my poor Mari-
anne. I will give her the fortune I meant for my own child. What can that preaching minister do for her ? She shall not go.' Aunt Ross knew, however, that Anna's uncle could not be prevented from taking her away ; she therefore tried to reconcile her husband to the idea of parting with her, and mentioned her plan of sending Miss Palmer with her. Uncle Ross could not, however, be reconciled to the thought of parting with Anna, 'his only brother's only child.' And though he was at last obliged to acknowledge that he could not prevent her going, he never saw her for the two following days without saying something against her Uncle Murray, and lamenting

over her being obliged to go to such people. George and Louisa, too, lamented over Anna, and for themselves. 'What shall we do without you, Anna?' said George. 'Louisa must always have her own way, or she is as cross and ill-natured as,—I cannot say who; and Jane is such a clod, it makes me yawn to look at her. And what on earth will you do at the manse? Make butter and cheese?'

'Hold your tongue, George,' said his father, who had overheard him, 'Do you not know that my father, your own grandfather, was a minister? Many a happy day have I spent in a manse, though it might not suit me now; and is not a fit place for Anna; at least I can provide a better for her. But do not you be such a block-head as to speak with contempt of the profession of your own grandfather.'

'Dear me, Papa, now thinks you will be so happy at the manse!' said Louisa. 'I daresay you will choose to remain there.'

'Go to the school-room, you imperti-

nence !' exclaimed Uncle Ross, looking quite in a passion at Louisa.

'Oh no, dear uncle !' said Anna coaxingly. 'Louisa did not mean any thing, but is sorry that you like me to go to the manse.'

'I do not like you to go to the manse, my own Anna.'

'Ah, then, do not be displeased with Louisa.'

'Very well, I forgive her, since you ask it,' said Uncle Ross, allowing Louisa to seat herself on his knee, as a proof of reconciliation.

So much was said against Anna's uncle, and so much did George and Louisa ridicule every thing she should meet with at the manse, when out of her father's hearing, and so much did Miss Palmer lament over her fate in being obliged to go to such a place, that Anna felt quite afraid of her uncle's arrival; and on being told, on returning from her walk with Miss Palmer, on the day he was expected, that he had arrived,

and was in the drawing-room with her aunt, her heart beat so quick she could scarcely get breath to walk up stairs. Her walking things were taken off, and her dress arranged, though Miss Palmer remarked that it was waste of trouble, for what could Mr Murray know about dress? Anna then waited, listening eagerly for some one's approach to desire her to come to the drawing-room. At last she was sent for, and, with a feeling for her uncle of mingled fear and dislike, she went down stairs, her heart beating quick as she went. The servant who had been sent for her opened the drawing-room door, and the moment Anna entered, her uncle rose to meet her; but when he saw her cold and constrained looks, he stopt, and looked disappointed.

‘Come and speak to your uncle, my love,’ said Aunt Ross; and Anna slowly and timidly approached, not venturing to look up in his face. He held out his hand, and she gave him her’s.

‘I perceive you are very sorry to see me,’

said her uncle, in a very gentle tone of voice ; and sitting down, he put his arm round her, and drew her close into his bosom, and said in a whisper, ' God bless my sister's child.'

Anna heard these words said so kindly, and she looked up in his face. He looked very mild, and very kind, and said again, ' You are sorry to see me, Anna.' Anna had been taught by her aunt always to try to say what was civil and obliging, because it was very impolite not to do so, and she answered, ' No, uncle, I am happy to see you.'

' Hush !' replied her uncle, but still in a gentle tone of voice, ' I must never hear any thing but truth. I love you the more for being sorry to leave your friends ; but you know it was your Mamma's wish. Do you remember your Mamma ?'

' Oh yes, yes ?' replied Anna, ' my own dear, dear Mamma ! I remember her quite, quite well.'

Anna's uncle kissed her affectionately. ' Then, my love,' said he, ' you will try to do cheerfully what she wished.'

‘Yes, uncle, I will try,’ said Anna.

‘And your aunt, and I, and my boys, will try to make you happy,’ said her uncle.

‘I propose sending her governess with Anna, Mr Murray,’ said Aunt Ross. ‘I know she can have no masters in the retired situation where you live, and I should regret extremely her losing those advantages altogether which she has enjoyed in my house. I am sure you must agree with me in thinking my plan a proper one.’

‘I beg your pardon, Madam,’ replied Mr Murray, ‘I cannot agree with you. Anna must be entirely under my own and my wife’s care while she is with me. Whoever instructs her must be thoroughly known to me, and chosen by myself.’

‘I assure you, Mr Murray, Miss Palmer was highly recommended before I took her into my family,’ said Mrs Ross. ‘She is very accomplished. It is impossible you should find such a person in your very retired situation. She has been in the most fashionable families; and, indeed, I have had

great difficulty in persuading her to go with Anna. I assure you, Mrs Murray will find her a very superior person,—quite a companion.'

Mr Murray shook his head. 'I cannot agree to your wish in this point, Madam. You really must not urge me.'

'Impossible, Mr Murray! Surely you will not refuse what is so evidently for the child's advantage? I appeal to your conscience, sir.'

Mrs Ross looked very angry, and Anna felt frightened; but when she looked at her uncle, he seemed as mild and gentle as ever, as he answered:

'I am acting from conscience, Mrs Ross, in declining to agree to your wishes. I know what my sister wished most respecting her child. It was that she should be taught to know her God and Redeemer, and to devote herself to His will; and I shall use those means which appear to me most suited to lead her to that knowledge and obedience.'

Anna loved her uncle when he said this, and she drew his arm closer round her.

‘Child, go to the school-room,’ said Aunt Ross, looking much displeased. ‘I must settle this matter immediately, and you ought not to be present. Her uncle immediately let her go, and Anna returned to the school-room.

‘Well, what kind of a quiz is this uncle of yours?’ said Louisa, the instant she entered.

‘He is not a quiz,’ replied Anna, gravely.

‘What is he then?’

‘I am sure he is very good,’ replied Anna: but she would not say any more, for she did not like to tell Miss Palmer that she was not to be allowed to go.

Anna was not again sent for, and did not see her uncle till she went down with Louisa and Jane to the dining-room, after their Mamma’s dinner. Mr Murray immediately held out his hand to Anna, and placed a chair for her beside himself, but she was scarcely seated when Aunt Ross proposed

that the ladies should go to the drawing-room. The little girls were obliged to go also, and Anna's uncle was left in the dining-room with Uncle Ross, and some other gentlemen who had dined with him, and she did not see him again that night, but Aunt Ross told Anna that her uncle would not consent to Miss Palmer's going, and that her Uncle Ross was very angry; and then she spoke to Anna till it was bed-time, of all the things she should do when she was away; and then said, that as it could not be helped, they must just submit for one six months; 'and after that, you know, my dear,' said Aunt Ross, 'you will always be with us, because the choice is left to yourself, and your Uncle Murray cannot prevent you.' She then sent Anna to bed.

Anna was to go after breakfast next day, and all her things were packed, and every one expressed so much sorrow at parting with her, that she too was very sorry, and after she went to bed, wept till she fell asleep.

Next morning she rose at her usual early hour and went to read and pray for the last time in the empty bed-room, and to fetch her Bible, and precious little book, that they might be put up to go with her. When she came to the room door, she was surprised to find that she could not open it. She tried again, and feared George had played her some trick to prevent her getting her Bible and her dear little book. On trying a third time, she heard a footstep approaching from within, and the door was opened by Mr Murray.

‘Uncle Murray! Oh, I beg your pardon,’ said Anna, afraid that he would be displeased. ‘Indeed I did not know you were in this room, or I should not have disturbed you.’

‘Come in, my love,’ said Uncle Murray, kindly, ‘and tell me what you wanted in this room at so early an hour;’ and he led Anna to the place where he had been sitting, and then took her on his knee, and she saw that he had been reading from a Bible that lay open on the table before him.

‘Well, my dear Anna, what did you want?’

‘I wanted to read, uncle, and if you will allow me to sit down just in the corner where I usually sit, I shall not disturb you in the very least.’

‘Well, my love, do so,’ said her uncle, and then he watched her while she went to her drawer, and took out her Bible and her little book, and then set herself in a corner beyond the chest of drawers, and turning away her face from him, found her place, and began to read. He did not interrupt her for a time; then softly approaching to where she was, he looked over her shoulder, and saw that she read the Bible.

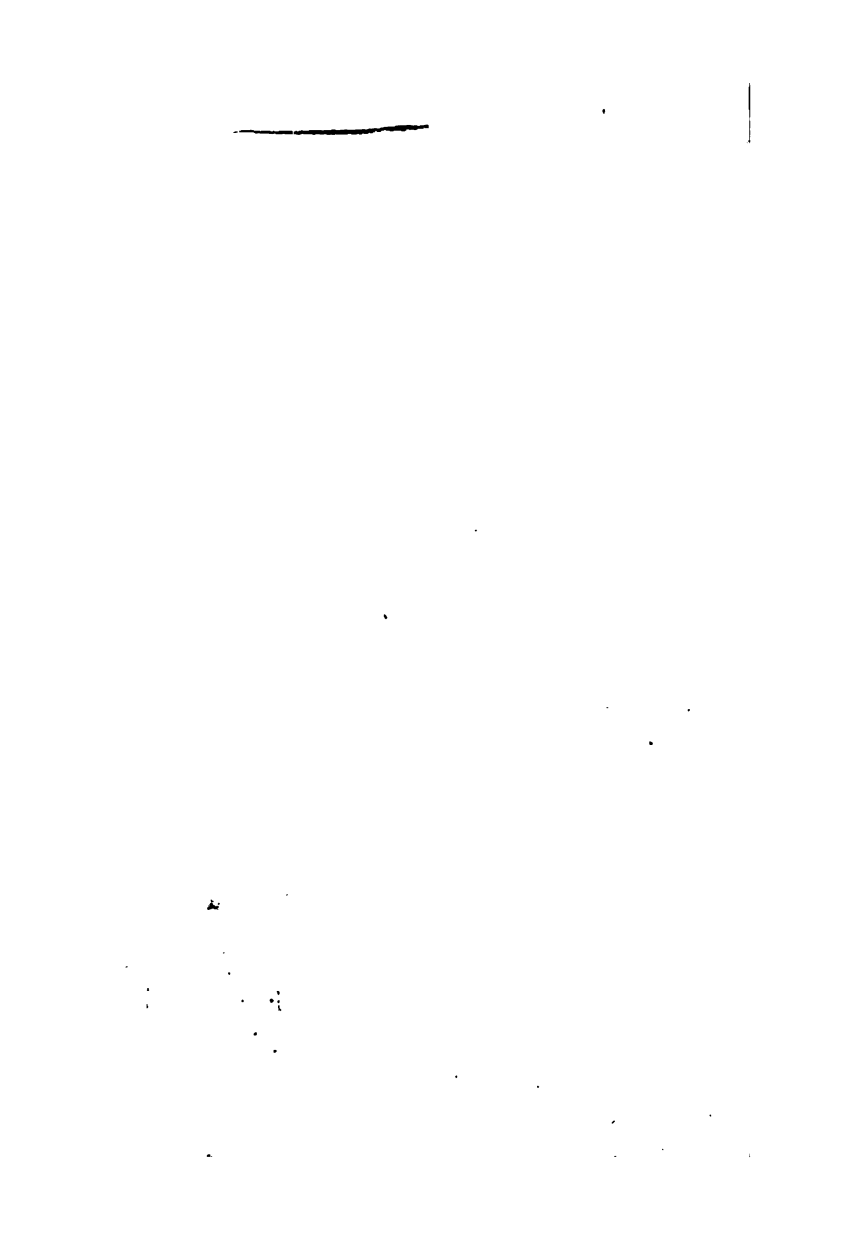
‘Dear child,’ said he ‘do you understand what you read?’

‘Not very well, uncle. I cannot understand much of this chapter.’

‘Should you like me to explain it to you?’

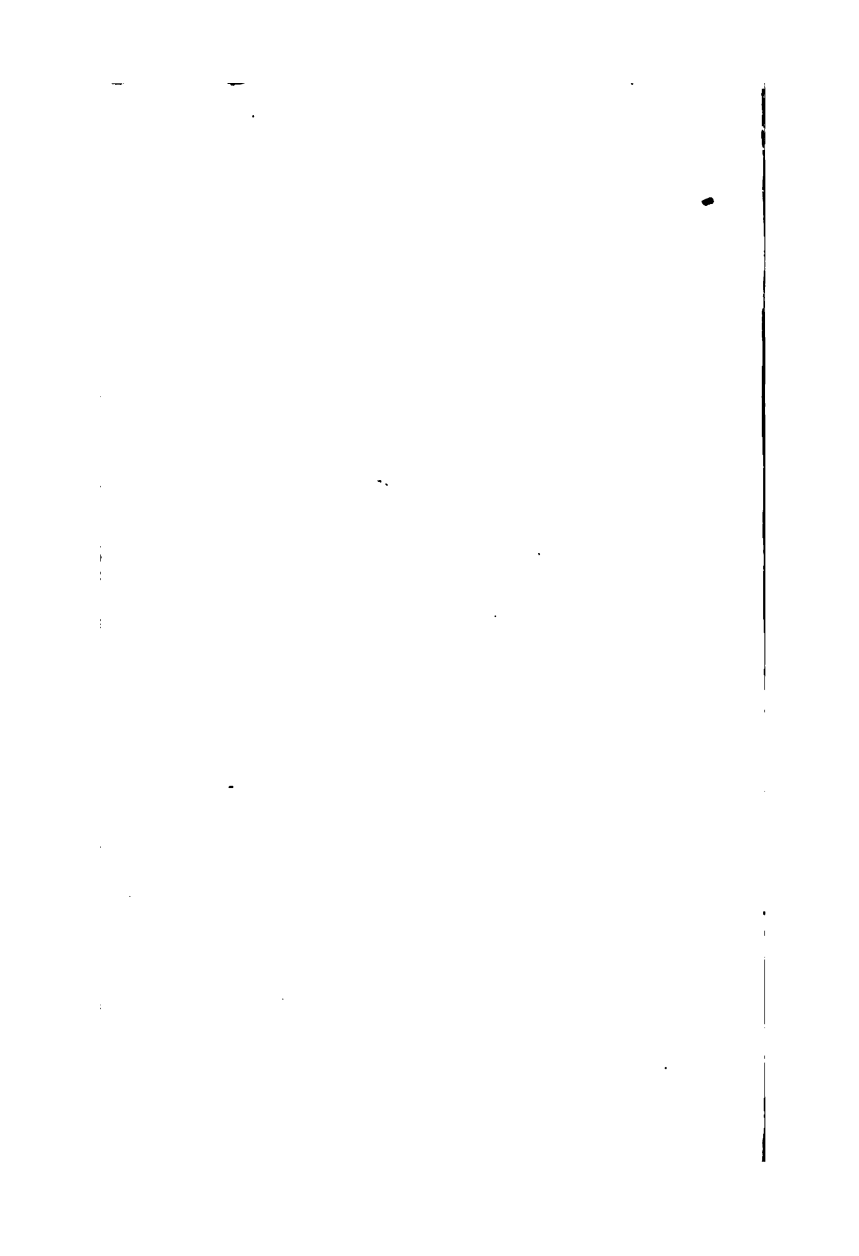
‘Oh yes, yes, uncle, if it would not interrupt you.’







UNCLE MURRAY AND ANNA.



Her uncle again took her on his knee, and read the chapter, and explained it just in the plain kind way her own Mamma used to do, and then said, 'And what does my little Anna do next?'

'I try to pray, uncle, but——'

'But what, my love?'

Anna's eyes filled with tears. 'You would not love me any more, if I told you what I am thinking about praying, uncle.'

'Yes, Anna, I will love you whatever you tell me.'

'No, uncle, you will not be able, for I am so often wicked now, that I do not love to pray as I used to do, because Mamma taught me, that when we come to pray, we ought first to remember, and confess our sins to God, and then ask Him to wash away our sins for Christ's sake: but I have always so many sins to think of now, that I do not like to begin to pray; and I read, and read, or get verses to repeat, till it is time to go to Miss Palmer, and then I just say a few words of prayer.'

‘That is not right, my Anna,’ said her uncle, ‘but I cannot love you the less for this, because it makes me hope that God is teaching you what He teaches all His own children, that you have a very sinful heart ; and will feel your need of the Physician of Souls : and when you know Him, my dear Anna, I shall love you far more than I do just because you are my niece ; for He is the Physician of my soul also ; and those who love Him love each other for His sake. Do you know who this Physician is, my dear Anna ?’

‘Yes. It is Jesus Christ. Mamma taught me that.’

‘And do you know the office of a physician ?’

‘Yes. It is to heal the sick. My cousin Marianne had many physicians to attend her, but they could not heal her.’

‘No, because they had no power except what God gave them ; and it was His will that Marianne should not recover. But you know Jesus Christ has all power in heaven

and on earth ; and He has promised eternal life to all who come to Him. But you know you must come to Him. If you wish your physician to heal you, it is necessary for you to bring your complaints to him, that he may use means to remove them. You must tell your Lord what the diseases, the sins, are, which beset you, and lead you to disobey Him, that He may wash away their guilt in His own blood, and give you grace and strength in future to resist them. This is His will ; for though He knows you far better than you do yourself, He has commanded you, and me, and all His people, to confess to Him, to pray to Him, to pour out our hearts before Him, to make our requests known to Him, and to do this without ceasing. Now, if you cease to seek Him in the way He has appointed, He will cease, my dear Anna, to proceed in healing your diseased soul ; but if you return to Him, He will return to you.'

Anna listened to every word her uncle said with the greatest attention, and she

loved him more and more, but she made no answer.

‘ Shall we come to our Physician together, and ask Him to receive and forgive us ? ’ asked her uncle, gently.

Anna scarcely knew what her uncle meant, but she did what he wished ; and he knelt down, and made her kneel down also in his bosom, and he took one of her little hands in his ; and then he confessed the sins she had told him of, and many others that Anna wondered how he knew ; and then he prayed for forgiveness till Anna could not keep from crying. He prayed too for Uncle Ross, and Aunt Ross, and all the family just as Anna would have wished to pray for them. When he rose from his knees, he took Anna again into his bosom, and put his hand upon her head, and prayed God to bless her. He then said she should go and spend what time remained with her cousins ; and as Anna crossed the passage to the school-room, she thought within her heart, ‘ I should be sorry now not to go with my Uncle Murray.’

Anna and her uncle were to travel in one of the public coaches. This coach set out at an earlier hour than it was usual for Aunt Ross to have breakfast; and when Anna was sent down at the proper time by Miss Palmer, she found no one in the breakfast-room but her uncle, and a servant who was very carelessly preparing breakfast. Aunt Ross at last appeared, and made a slight apology; but Mr Murray did not seem to be at all displeased. Before sitting down, he said a grace, which Uncle Ross never did; and, after a short repast, he took out his watch, and told Anna they must go. Uncle Ross's smart carriage and servants were at the door, to convey Anna and her things to the coach. Again she took leave of her cousins; again her Aunt Ross reminded her of what she must do when away; and as she left the breakfast-room, she heard her Uncle Ross call her name over the stairs. She ran up to him, and he hugged and kissed her, saying, 'I could not see that cursed uncle of yours; do not forget me

Anna. Farewell,—farewell. What shall I do without you ?’

Anna was very sorry to part with her strange, kind Uncle Ross ; but Aunt Ross was calling to her to make haste.

‘Plague on her screaming ?’ said Uncle Ross, angrily, again pressing Anna to his bosom ; and then, ordering her to get away, he went into his room, and flung to the door with such violence as to make the house shake.

Anna was soon in the carriage, and the servant just closing the door, when her uncle asked whether his portmanteau had been put in. The saucy footman called carelessly to one of his fellows, who looked back, and then stepped slowly into the house, and bringing it out, his fellow-servant opened the door, and he flung it into the bottom of the carriage, as if he had thought it beneath him to touch it. The carriage then drove off to Princes Street, where they were to meet the coach ; and in a few minutes Anna and her uncle were seated in it, and opposite to them sat a

fat red-faced man, buttoned up in a huge greatcoat; and beside him a young woman, with a baby on her lap, and another child in the corner of the seat almost behind her. The horn was blown two or three times, and then off set the coach at a quick pace. The fat red-faced gentleman laid himself snug in the corner, and having, perhaps, been waked sooner than usual that morning, he was soon fast asleep. The baby, too, on the young woman's lap, was also soon asleep; but the little boy who sat beside her soon began to be very unruly. He fidgeted about, and declared he had a pain in his stomach. The woman tried both to coax and to threaten him, but he would not stay still, and at last declared he was very sick. Anna, who had learned at her Aunt Ross's to despise, and not feel for those who seemed, as Aunt Ross would have said, to be vulgar people, had looked at this little boy's uneasy face, and heard his complaints without feeling any compassion for him. She was seated opposite to him; and two

or three times that he had, in his uneasy motions, inadvertently touched her with his little feet, she had drawn herself away, and wiped the part of her pelisse he had touched with her handkerchief, her countenance expressing displeasure and disgust; and the young woman was constantly saying to the child, 'Take care, Johnny, don't touch the young lady's pelisse. Fie, Johnny, sit still; see, you have dirtied the lady's pelisse;'—till Johnny, sick and uneasy, and wearied with the continued reproof, at last took his foot and fairly wiped it on Anna's lap. Anna looked in her uncle's face for redress, and reddened with anger. The look she received in return from her uncle, however, was not one of compassion or sympathy, but one of displeasure; and when the young woman shook the little boy, and set him back with a reproof, and a slap on the offending foot, Mr Murray said, 'Poor little fellow, come to me, and I shall try to make you more comfortable. I hoped this little girl of mine would have tried to do

so, but I see she thinks more of her own dress than of a little suffering fellow-creature.' He then made Anna change places with him, and spoke so kindly to the child, that he soon consented to leave the seat where he was, and came on Mr Murray's knee; and as it had been the motion of the coach, as he sat back, that had made him uneasy, he was soon quite well, and began prating to Mr Murray in the most amusing manner; while Mr Murray, on his part, seemed delighted with him, and caressed and fondled him as if he had been his own child. The young woman, too, now began to speak quite frankly to Mr Murray, and did not know how to say enough to express her gratitude for his kindness to the little boy.

'He is your eldest child, I suppose?' said Mr Murray, for she looked very young.

'He is not my child, sir,' replied she. 'I have no child but this baby. He is my brother's child;' and then she looked very sorrowful, and added, 'My brother was

killed at the battle of Waterloo, sir, and his wife never had a day's health after she heard it. She died about six weeks ago, and I have been into Edinburgh to bring away Johnny. He is to stay with my husband and me now.'

Anna had been scarcely able to refrain from crying, after the look of displeasure her uncle had given her; and now she turned her face away and wept, while she thought how hard her heart had felt to this little boy, who was an orphan like herself, and how much her uncle was displeased with her. For some time Mr Murray took no notice of Anna. He continued to talk with the young woman, who told him all about herself; and then listened with much attention and respect, when Mr Murray reminded her of the danger she was in of having her heart engrossed with the cares and anxieties of this life, as a young wife and mother; and spoke so kindly and gently to her, that she soon seemed quite to love him, and confessed her ignorance, and asked his

advice, as if he had been her father. During this conversation, little Johnny had slidden off Mr Murray's knee on the seat between him and Anna; and having peeped up into Anna's face, and seeing that she was in tears, he lifted up his frock, and began rubbing the part of her pelisse which he had dirtied with his shoe, and then said coaxingly to her, 'Clean now.' Anna put her arms round the little orphan and began to caress him. She had been furnished with a large bag of sweetmeats by her Uncle Ross, and she gave some of them also to the little boy, and they were soon very good friends. But still Anna felt sad, for her Uncle Murray, she feared, was displeased with her, and she watched for another look from him, that she might know whether he had forgiven her. She did not watch long, for her uncle Murray had been observing her all the time; and now, when he saw her so kind to the boy, he leant over to her, and said in a whisper, 'Do not look as if you feared me, Anna; I only wish you to be good. You are so now, and my

own dear child.' And then Anna felt quite happy and at ease, and she talked and played with the little boy, and felt quite sorry when she found that he and his young aunt were to leave them at the next stage. 'What can I do.' thought Anna, 'for the dear little orphan!' and then she remembered that her uncle had given her a purse the night before, with a great deal of money in it, and she determined to give some of her money to little Johnny's aunt, to keep for him; for she had seen her Aunt Ross give money to ladies who came to ask her to subscribe to societies for clothes to poor people, and such things. So Anna took her purse, and took some money from it, and held it in her hand till the coach stopt, and then she was just going to say, 'Here is some money for little Johnny,'—when her uncle put his hand on hers and said in a whisper, 'Don't, my dear.' Anna drew back; and the young woman, after thanking Mr Murray most gratefully for his kindness, and making little Johnny (who now cheerfully did whatever he was

bid) kiss his hand and thank the good gentleman and the young lady, hastened out of the coach, to be received with every mark of joy by a young man, who was waiting for her, and who was her husband, and by an old man, who was her father. Anna saw the old man take up Johnny in his arms, and hold him to his breast; and she heard the young woman say, 'Johnny, that is your grandfather;' and then they went away, and she heard no more. In a little time, the coach again set off, but now the fat old gentleman was quite awake, and began talking to her uncle, so she could not get him asked why he would not suffer her to give money to Johnny's aunt.

Mr Murray's house was far away in Perthshire, and it took two days to travel to it. When Anna and her uncle stopped for the night, and were shown into a parlour in the inn by themselves, she then asked him why he would not let her give the money, and he said, 'Because, my dear, the young woman did not want money. You would have hurt

and offended her by offering it.' Anna looked surprised, because at her Uncle Ross's she had always heard *low people*, as they were called there, spoken of with contempt on account of their want of money.

'You look surprised, Anna,' said her uncle, 'but my dear, if you would just think on all occasions, "What is God's will?" you would be sure to act right. Now God has commanded us to *love* one another; to be kindly affectioned one towards another; to do good as we have opportunity; and consider every person we meet as our neighbour, and to be ready to show them every kindness in our power. Rich people sometimes think, that however contemptuous and haughty they may be to their poorer brothers and sisters of mankind, they can make all up by taking out their purses and bestowing money; but this is not obeying God's command, to love their neighbour; and in some instances, as would have been the case to-day had you given the young woman in the coach money, this only offends,

and reminds your neighbours, that, because you are better clothed, you think yourself entitled to treat them as poor inferiors.'

Anna listened to her uncle, but she did not understand him very well. She, however, perceived that, though her aunt and cousins had always spoken of him as being without fortune, he did not care about money as they did.

It was just growing dark on the second day of Anna's journey, when her uncle told her that they were within three miles of Daluthen, where his house was. He told her also, that, about a quarter of a mile further on, they would have to leave the stage coach, and take a post chaise for the rest of the way, as Daluthen lay at that distance from the public road. Anna was not sorry to hear she was to leave the stage coach, as the fat old gentleman had continued to travel all the way with them; and, though he was very kind to her, yet she had become tired of his talking about the weather, and last year's crops, and the markets, and the state of pub-

lic affairs,—and she thought Uncle Murray looked tired too, and the old gentleman did not seem to like to talk of any thing he began to talk of, but always went back to these subjects. At last, Uncle Murray said, ‘Now, Anna, we are in the village where we shall leave the coach.’ Anna looked out. It was nearly dark; but she observed, when the coach stopt, that a boy eagerly ran toward it, and now looked past her, as if expecting to see some one he knew, and he immediately called out, ‘My Father! Norman; It is my father and our cousin!’ and then another boy came also, and the first boy opened the coach door, and threw down the steps in a moment. ‘My boys! my dear boys!’ said Mr Murray affectionately, ‘assist your cousin to get out.’ The elder boy held up his arms, and lifted Anna out quite gently, and then both boys sprung into their father’s arms, and they embraced each other with the warmest affection. They then were each clinging to an arm, when the elder boy remembered Anna, and instantly

resigning his, took Anna's hand and put it in his father's, and walked on her other side towards the inn.

'Are you all well, Kenneth?' said Mr Murray to his eldest boy.

'All quite well, and my mother expects you to-day, sir, and I have asked Mr Macalpin to have a chaise ready for you; and there I see Watty going to bring it out,—we shall not have to stay a minute; but come into the house, for I know Mrs Macalpin has been preparing something for you, and she will be hurt if you do not take it.'

At the entrance of the inn stood Mrs Macalpin, ready to receive Mr Murray. 'Thank heaven you are back safe, sir! I hope you have had a pleasant journey. The weather has been wonderful for the season. Come in, sir, if you please. The chaise will be ready directly; but I hope you will take something;' and she seemed to regard Mr Murray with the utmost love and reverence. Mr Murray thanked her, and followed her into her nice clean parlour, where was a

blazing fire, and a table spread with the best that her house could afford.

‘You have prepared a feast for us, my good Mrs Macalpin,’ said Mr Murray kindly.

‘A feast, sir! Oh, I wish it were ten times better; it would be well my part to prepare it for you;’ and then she curtsied respectfully and left the room. Kenneth placed a chair for Anna next his father, and, after waiting till his father should say a grace, he kindly helped her to what he supposed she would like best. Mr Murray, too, ate something, not to offend good Mrs Macalpin; but he was anxious to get home, and very soon the party were in the chaise. Kenneth placed Anna on her uncle’s knee, as there was not room for all to sit. They were a happy party. The boys seemed so full of joy to have their father home again, and had so much to tell him that had passed during the week he had been away. Yet, in the midst of all this joy, they were so kind to each other, and did not talk both at once, but were so mild, particularly Kenneth, that

Anna wondered if these could be the rude, hobbish boys, who were to spoil her manners. Her cousin George would have been a great deal more noisy and talkative than both these boys put together; and if Louisa had been of the party, they would have quarrelled and snapt at each other twenty times during such a conversation, which these boys never seemed to think of doing.

At last the carriage stopt at a little white gate; a servant girl held it open till they entered. The house was a little way farther in, and the path to it had shrubs and trees on each side; but it was dark, and Anna clung close to her uncle, who held her hand. At the entrance to the house, Mrs Murray and her two little boys were waiting to receive the travellers; and then there was as much joy as before; and Mr Murray entered the house with the youngest boy in his arms, and the other holding his coat. On coming into the room where the light was, Anna looked timidly at her new aunt; her aunt, too, was looking at her. Mrs Murray looked

very grave, though every one else seemed so full of joy. She was in deep mourning; and Anna now observed, what she had not noticed before, that her cousins were all in mourning also: and when Kenneth looked at his Mamma, Anna saw that he instantly began to look grave, and went quietly and whispered a word or two to Norman, who was immediately silent; and when she looked at her uncle, though he was caressing his two youngest boys, yet he also looked sad. Kenneth, however, appeared anxious to make every one happy again. He assisted Anna to take off all the muffings she had been wrapt in to screen her from the cold. He then placed a chair for her by his mother, who had sat down to make tea.

All was quite different from what Anna had been accustomed to at her Uncle Ross's. There, nothing was done but by servants. Servants brought in tea and coffee; servants brought cake; servants were ready to take your empty cup and saucer; for Aunt Ross thought it quite ungentle to do any thing

for herself. Here Mrs Murray made tea for every one, and prepared what was proper for the two little boys; and she had no one to assist her but Kenneth, who helped her to water from a tea-kettle, and watched how he could in any way be of use. Kenneth and Norman prepared the bread and butter, and handed it round to every one; and, in their most winning manner, invited and pressed their Papa, and Mamma, and Anna, to eat. At Uncle Ross's, Anna had sat at tea in a splendid drawing-room to meet other little girls (for it was only on such occasions she had been there at tea); and she, and her cousins, and their young visitors, had all been gaily dressed, and were behaving as gracefully, and looking as genteel and fashionable, and speaking as politely, as they could. At Uncle Murray's she was in a little parlour, very commonly furnished, and no one seemed to be thinking of any thing but what they were doing or speaking of. At Uncle Ross's there was always some one who looked out of humour,

and of whom the children were afraid. Uncle Ross was displeased at something, and looked cross; or Aunt Ross's face showed that she thought some of her young people awkward, and would soon find fault enough; or something was jarring. At Uncle Murray's all was love and kindness, for though Aunt Murray looked sad at first, still she was gentle and kind to every one; and after Kenneth had seemed to watch her looks and to try to make her less sad by his affectionate attentions, she became more cheerful, and seemed to love all her boys so very dearly, and spoke so softly to them, and was so kind to Anna, that she soon quite loved her.

When tea was over, Mr Murray said, that Anna must be fatigued, and ought not to sit up to prayers; and then he blessed her, and bade her good-night. The two elder boys shook hands affectionately with her, and the little ones came to be kissed; and then Mrs Murray herself accompanied Anna to her room. It was a very small

one, next Aunt Murray's own. There was a nice little bed in it, and every thing neat and comfortable, though quite different from her room at Uncle Ross's.

Mrs Murray very kindly showed Anna where her things had been put, and assisted her to get what she wanted for the night, and to unpack her Bible from where Miss Palmer had stuffed it into a corner of her trunk. She then said she would leave Anna for a quarter of an hour, and would after that return, and assist her to undress. Anna understood quite well by her aunt's manner, that she left her alone that she might pray ; and Anna did so, and thanked her heavenly Father for having brought her to live with those who loved Him, and would teach her to love Him. When Mrs Murray came back, she tapped gently at Anna's door before she entered. Anna hastened to open it and meet her ; but when she came near the light, Anna saw that she was looking very sad again, and seemed to have been crying. Anna, however, did not venture to ask her

aunt why she was so sad : but she said, 'I cannot trouble you to undress me, Aunt Murray, I shall try to do it myself. I shall learn.'

'The sooner the better, my dear, for your own sake,' replied Mrs Murray in her own soft voice; 'but you are tired, and I must not have you begin any new lessons to-night. I see you are not used to undress yourself.'

'No, aunt, I have not for six months undressed myself, but before that I sometimes did, for my own Mamma always said I ought to be as little dependent on others as I could for such things.'

'Then, my dear, after to-night, if you choose, we shall begin to do as your own dear Mamma would have wished you to do.'

'Oh, yes, yes, dear Aunt Murray,' said Anna, throwing her arms around her kind-looking aunt's neck; she then thanked her for the trouble she took in undressing her, and Mrs Murray pressed her affectionately to her heart; but Anna thought she looked sadder than ever.

When Anna was laid in bed, her aunt sat down beside her, inside the curtains, and leaning over her, she asked : Can you, my love, repeat an evening hymn? Anna used always to do so to her own Mamma, and now began the one she had last taught her. Aunt Murray listened for some time, and then put away her face to wipe away the tears ; and when Anna had finished, she stooped down and kissed her several times without speaking. She then prayed God to bless her, drew her curtains, and left her to sleep. Anna, however, could not help wondering what could make Aunt Murray so sad ; but, after thinking for a little, she thought Kenneth looked so kind and good-natured, that she might perhaps ask him when they met again ; and with this resolution she fell fast asleep.

Next day was the Sabbath ; but what a different Sabbath from those Anna had spent at Uncle Ross's ! There, excepting that there were no lessons, but getting a small part of the Church Catechism and a

collect to repeat, and going once to church, the day could not be distinguished from any other day. Every one talked of the same things they did on other days. Uncle Ross read the newspapers, and talked about all kinds of worldly things, or went to the club to meet his old cronies. Aunt Ross was very often unwell on Sundays,—much oftener than on any other day; and she would lie on the sofa, and, if nobody came in the evening, she would be particularly quick at seeing every one's faults on that evening, and spend it in lecturing and finding fault. Miss Palmer, on that day, either wrote letters to her friends, or went out to visit. In short, no one ever seemed to know that it was '*The Lord's Day*,' but each to think it peculiarly his own day, to be spent exactly as he chose. Not so at Uncle Murray's. Anna was waked at an early hour by her Aunt Murray, who, after assisting her to dress, again left her alone for a time. She then returned for her, and conducted her to her uncle's study. Here her uncle and

her young cousins, and the two servant-maids were assembled, all neatly dressed, and ready for church. After all were seated, Uncle Murray read a psalm, and then her aunt and young cousins, and every one, began to sing; but though Anna had, for the last three or four months, been constantly praised for her quickness, and attention, and proficiency in her music lessons, she could not join in singing to the praise of God. Even little Hugh, who was not above five years old, and who sat between his Mamma and Anna, even he joined his young clear voice with the others; all sung except Anna, who felt ashamed as she sat mute, and thought within herself that she never before had heard music so sweet, as the full, clear voices of her four young cousins and their Mamma. When the psalm was sung, Uncle Murray read and explained a chapter of the Bible so plainly, that Anna understood a great deal of what he said, and loved him every moment better, as she listened to him teaching every one who heard him how to

know, and to love, and to serve God, and how to be good and happy. Uncle Murray then prayed to God for every one; after which the servants went away, and then he told each of his own boys, and Anna, what they were to get during the day to repeat to him in the evening; and then he kissed and blessed them all, and sent them away, while he remained alone in his study.

Mrs Murray went to the parlour to get breakfast; and, while she was doing so, Kenneth took Anna to the little sunny plot of ground before the door. It was now early in spring, and this little plot was filled with primroses, and snowdrops, and the early flowers which venture to peep above the ground whenever the snow goes away. Anna was delighted to see them, for she had only walked on the streets for some weeks, and she went from one spot to another, stooping down to admire their little delicate beauties. Kenneth followed her, and seemed pleased with her expressions of delight; and she soon observed that Mrs Murray also was

near, for, on looking up, she saw her standing at the parlour window, which was open. Anna immediately went to the window,—‘Dear aunt, how lovely those flowers are!’ exclaimed she, pointing to the many-coloured spots which surrounded her.

‘Yes, dear Anna,’ replied her aunt ‘they all return, and bloom again in spring.’ Mrs Murray looked very sad when she said this, and she turned away from the window. ‘Why does aunt look so sad, Kenneth?’ asked Anna, ready to cry herself.

Kenneth looked sad too, and said, ‘Mamma is thinking that flowers return and bloom in spring, and all things again look fresh and beautiful, but those who die, and are laid in the grave, do not return. This time last year my sister Mary was just going about admiring the same kinds of early flowers you are now admiring, Anna; but she is in the grave, and will never return, and that makes Mamma look so sad.’

‘Had you a sister? and is she dead?’ asked Anna.

‘Yes: did you not know about Mary?’

‘No, Kenneth, I never heard about her.’

‘She was just about your age, Anna, and Mamma says you remind her of her every moment; and she can do nothing but look at you, and yet it makes her sad to do so.’

‘Is it long since Mary died?’ asked Anna.

‘Only about six months,’ replied Kenneth.

‘But she is gone to heaven! she is gone to Jesus!’ said Anna. ‘She will be happy. My Papa and Mamma are there, and my little cousin Marianne.’

‘Yes,’ replied Kenneth, ‘Mary is happy, for she loved her Saviour and trusted in Him; and Mamma says, she would not have it otherwise, and she rejoices that her little Mary is where there is no more sorrow. But Mary was constantly with Mamma; she was her companion the whole day; and she was so good, and so obedient, and so quiet, and yet so merry, that every one misses her still, particularly Mamma. Oh, Anna, if you would be a little daughter to Mamma and Papa, and a sister to us, instead

of Mary !' Kenneth said no more, for his Mamma at that moment called on him and Anna from the window to come to breakfast ; but Anna could not help thinking of what he had last said, and she, too, wished that she could be a daughter to Uncle and Aunt Murray ; but then she must leave Uncle and Aunt Ross, and Louisa, and every one at Uncle Ross's, and she felt sorry to think of doing so.

After breakfast, Mr Murray, and Kenneth, and Norman, went out together, and Mrs Murray told Anna, that while the days were short, Mr Murray collected the children belonging to his parish before church time, that he might catechise them, and that, when the days were long, he assembled them in the evening, for many of them lived too far away to come in the evening when the days were short. Mrs Murray told Anna, also, that Kenneth and Norman assisted their Papa, by instructing and catechising the younger children.

There was still an hour before it was time

to go to church, and Anna, and the little boys were set, by Mrs Murray, to get what they were to repeat to her uncle ; after which they went to church. The two maid-servants followed, having locked the door of the house, and taken the key with them ; for no one who was able to go, was permitted to remain away from church in Mr Murray's house. And Aunt Murray told Anna that she must listen attentively, for her uncle expected every one in his family to give some account of what he had preached. Anna listened to her dear Uncle Murray with great attention, and she remembered a good deal of what he said ; and Kenneth and Norman never ceased listening ; and even the little boys looked attentive, and never made the least noise, or rose, or gazed about, or yawned, or looked wearied to death, as her cousins the Rosses always did at church. Indeed, every one seemed to listen to Uncle Murray, and he spoke as if he loved them all in his very heart.

Between sermons, it was the custom at

Uncle Murray's that those ladies and gentlemen who lived at a distance from church, so far as they had to come in carriages, and could not go home and return to afternoon church, it was the custom for such to come into the manse, as Mr Murray's house was called, and Mrs Murray received them very hospitably. On this Sabbath many ladies, and some gentlemen, were at the manse, and Anna assisted her aunt as she directed her, to offer them wine and cake, and apples, which had grown in her own garden ; and Anna heard the ladies asking who she was, and remarking what a pretty, graceful, little girl she was, and they made a great deal of her, and Anna's heart began to be vain ; and when her aunt said to her, 'Anna, you had better go and see what Kenneth is about,' Anna felt sorry to go away ; but, though some of the ladies and gentlemen said, 'Oh do not send her away ! pray let her remain !' Aunt Murray repeated what she had said, and looked so grave, that Anna feared she was displeased, and imme-

diately obeyed her; but as she left the room, she could not help thinking, 'How different Aunt Murray is from Aunt Ross! Aunt Ross would have looked so pleased at me, and have praised me so afterward, had the ladies at her house noticed me so much; and Aunt Murray looks as grave as if it was naughty to be graceful.' While Anna thought thus, she was slowly coming down stairs; and just as she got to the bottom she saw Kenneth enter the house, accompanied by an old man with grey hair, who seemed very frail, and leaned on a stick as he walked.

'Come in, Andrew. Why should you sit all the time between sermons in the cold churchyard?' and Kenneth assisted him toward the kitchen, while the old man was drawing back, and saying, 'There is no occasion, Mr Kenneth. I was very well in the kirk-yard. It's a fine day.'

Kenneth, however, made out his point; and when Anna followed, and looked into the kitchen, she saw a number of old people



KENNETH INVITING THE PEOPLE TO THE MANSE,





sitting round a blazing fire, while Nannie, the oldest of the maid-servants, was kindly distributing bread and cheese, and beer, amongst them. When Kenneth had seen Andrew comfortably placed, he left him to Nannie's care; and, on seeing Anna, he said, 'Oh, come with me, Anna, and let us look if there is any one else who ought to be brought in.' Anna would rather have staid in her aunt's little drawing-room up stairs, to be flattered by those ladies who foolishly thought it would please her aunt to flatter her; but she could not refuse Kenneth, and followed him, and he hastened back to the churchyard. A great many people who had come from a distance were there, seated on the grave-stones, waiting for the service in the afternoon. Kenneth went amongst them, and they all seemed to love him and look at him with respect; and when he discovered any old person, or woman who had brought a little child rather than be kept away from church, he kindly invited them into the manse, and pressed them to go,

and would not be refused ; so that between sermons, he filled his Papa's kitchen and parlour with old or frail people, or women with young children,—who were all rested, and refreshed, and prepared to profit by the service in the afternoon.

‘ And now, Kenneth, shall we not go up to the drawing-room ? ’ said Anna, when he seemed to have brought in as many people as he wished.

‘ No, ’ replied Kenneth, ‘ I must not, for my father leaves me the care of the old and infirm, while Mamma takes charge of the ladies ; for Papa never comes home himself. He always stays in a little room in the church to prepare for the afternoon ; and I must not forsake my post. Besides, ’ continued Kenneth, blushing, ‘ I do not like the kind of fuss ladies and gentlemen always make about us, just to please Mamma ; and Papa says I am very-right not to like it. ’

‘ But why ? ’ asked Anna, half-ashamed of being pleased with what Kenneth seemed to despise so much.

‘Oh, because I do not wish to like any thing but truth,’ replied Kenneth.

‘But why do you think it is not truth?’

Kenneth put on a funny face and said, “Dear Mrs Murray, what fine boys! Nobody has such charming boys as yours!” That is what the ladies say to my mother, —then Nannie hears them say as they go out of the house, “Poor Mrs Murray, what a sewing, and mending, and patching, she must have, to keep all those great, awkward, tearing boys so neat as she does.” Nannie told Norman what she had heard, when she saw him pleased and conceited because the ladies had stopt to admire his curling hair. And when my father heard it he laughed so heartily; but Anna, this is not conversation for Sunday;’ and Kenneth was sorry for having broken the Sabbath by speaking his own foolish words.

After church was over, the evening was spent at Mr Murray’s in hearing the servants and young people give account of the two sermons they had heard; and Anna was

surprised to hear Kenneth repeat almost the whole,—at least he repeated till his father had time to hear no more. Mr Murray also heard what the children had got to repeat, and examined every one carefully, but with gentleness and kindness, to find whether each understood what they had learned; and the day was closed by worship the same as in the morning. When the family separated for the night, each seemed to love the others from the heart; and when Anna was laid in her little bed, and Aunt Murray had listened to her hymn, and kissed and blessed her, and left her to sleep, she thought how pleased her own Mamma would have been to have spent her Sabbaths on earth at Uncle Murray's, where every one wished to serve and please God; and she thought that, if she chose to remain there, she would be taught what was good, and how to obey her own Mamma's last injunctions; and that if she willingly left her Uncle Murray's, and chose to go back to her Uncle Ross's to be always there, she would be choosing to be

where God was forgotten, and where nobody taught her to be good ; and though she felt sorry to think of leaving all the Rosses, yet, after this one Sabbath, Anna's heart told her that her Mamma would have wished her to remain at Uncle Murray's.

Next morning, and every morning, Mr Murray assembled his family, to read and pray with them ; but on week-days, Kenneth and Norman set off immediately after breakfast to school. The school they went to was about four miles off, and they had a little pony on which they rode by turns ; and Kenneth told Anna how they did. ' I set off first,' said Kenneth, ' and ride to David Leslie's cottage. I then leave Shag to eat a mouthful of grass there, and David tells me whether we may cross the burn or not ; for sometimes after rain, or the melting of the snow on the hills, it comes down so rapid and so deep, that the stepping-stones are quite covered, and we cannot cross. If David says we ought not, then we have promised to my mother never to attempt

it, even if it should appear safe to us, and that makes her easy when we are away. If it is safe, then I cross, and walk slowly on, getting my lessons all the way, till Norman trots past me for about half a mile. Then there is a deep glen, and if it has been snow, it often drifts into it, so as to almost fill it up; and near this lives Duncan Mackay, and if he says we must not try to pass, then we have promised my mother not to try. If we may pass, Norman leaves the pony there, and I get on, and Shag trots gaily on for another mile. Then comes a hill we go over from shortness, and poor Shag gets leave to walk up, without either of us on his back, but he trots down the other side, and then we are very near the school; and there is an old man lives in a cottage just as you enter the little town; and he has a field where we put Shag, and many other boys put their ponies, till the school is over.'

Kenneth told Anna this the first morning he was going to school, after her arrival at

Daluthen manse. Mrs Murray and Anna then went to the gate to see the boys away, Kenneth on Shag, and Norman following on foot, and getting his lessons all the way. They then returned to the house, as Mrs Murray said, 'to be busy.' 'And now, my dear Anna, you shall see what I do, and then we shall find out what you would like to do, for nobody must be idle.' Then Mrs Murray sat down again at the breakfast table, and Nannie brought a nice wooden bowl full of boiling water, and a towel as white as snow; and Mrs Murray began to wash the tea-cups, and the basins, from which the boys had ate their breakfast. Anna looked rather surprised; and Mrs Murray smiled, and said, 'Your Aunt Ross never did this, I suppose!'

'No, never,' replied Anna. 'Why do you not make Nannie or Mattie do it, Aunt Murray?'

'Because Nannie is at this moment churning the butter, and Mattie is baking our cakes for the week, and they cannot do every thing at once.'

‘Can I assist you, Aunt Murray?’

‘Yes, very much. You can put the things neatly in their place in the press, as I dry them;’ and so Anna began to do as she was directed, and found that she liked the occupation quite as well as lying on a board to keep her figure straight, while she got a lesson, which she used to do at the same hour at Aunt Ross’s. After all the cups and things were washed and put by, Mrs Murray and Anna went to the boys’ room. There every thing was in the utmost order, and on opening the drawers, they were not in the state in which Anna had seen her Cousin Ross’s, all tumbled and in confusion, but quite neat and orderly. Mrs Murray looked over the things, and whenever she saw the least article that required to be repaired, she laid it aside, and after she had examined every thing brought such away, and sat down to work.

Anna did not like sewing, so she did not for a time offer to assist her aunt, and then did so in such a way, that her aunt saw it

was merely not to seem disobliging, and she said she could easily do all that was to be done herself, and declined Anna's offer. While Anna was sitting idle, looking at her aunt, Mr Murray came in. The two little boys had been with him to get half an hour's lesson, and he now desired Anna to return with him to his study. When there, he took her on his knee. 'Well, my dear Anna,' said he kindly, 'how do you think you must spend your time while you are with us?'

'I do not know, uncle; but I will do whatever you bid me.'

'How long do you think you will live in this world, Anna?' Anna looked at her uncle, for she thought he was in jest; but he looked quite grave. 'I do not know, uncle. How can I know?'

'You are now in your tenth year, Anna. The Bible says that threescore years and ten is the usual term of life; now, if you have lived ten years, according to the usual course, you may still live threescore, that is,

sixty years. Does not that appear a very long time ?'

'Yes, uncle, very long.'

'And how long shall you live in heaven or in hell, Anna, when you die ?'

'For ever and ever,' replied Anna solemnly.

'And when sixty years are past in that *for ever*, Anna, will it be any nearer an end ?'

'No, uncle.'

'No, my love, it will not ; sixty, and sixty, and sixty thousand years will pass away, and it will be no nearer an end. Now, what I wish to lead your thoughts to, my dear Anna, is this question : If you are only to live sixty years more in this world, and perhaps not nearly so much ; and if, in the next world, you are to live for ever and ever, whether ought you to seek to be most acquainted with such things as can only be of use, or give pleasure in this world, or ought you to seek to be acquainted with those things which will prepare you for heaven,

and to live with God, and with holy angels, and holy people, for ever and ever ?’

‘I ought to seek to be acquainted with those things,’ replied Anna, ‘which will prepare me to go to heaven.’

‘Certainly, my child : but do you know that your heart will rise against your getting acquainted with such things, for the “natural man,” the unrenewed heart, loves not such knowledge ? It turns away from it, and is much better pleased with the things of this passing world. But God says, that we cannot both love this world and love Him ; and that they who are his, overcome their love of this world. Now, Anna, tell me what you have been learning, and we shall see what has been altogether for this world, and what may assist you in preparing for another ; and while you are with us, you shall go on with those things with which you have just said you thought it right to become acquainted. What has hitherto been the first lesson of the day ?’

‘The first thing I did in the morning

with Miss Palmer, was to practise music for half an hour.'

'I think you did not join in singing the praises of God in our worship,' observed Mr Murray. 'We are commanded to sing praises to Him, and it is joining while on earth with the happy spirits in heaven when we do so; but music without this has no reference to another world. When you practised, did it make you think of God, or any thing good?'

'Oh, no, uncle.'

'Then, while you are with us, Anna, we shall cultivate only that kind of music which honours God, and leads us to love Him. He has bestowed on Kenneth a beautiful voice, and a fine ear, and he shall teach you to sing hymns and psalms. Now, what was the next lesson?'

'Grammar, uncle.'

'Very well. That may assist you to understand your own language better, and those useful books written in it: so let us see how far you are advanced;' and Mr

Murray brought a book, and examined Anna in her knowledge of grammar,—and then of geography,—and arithmetic,—and French ; all of which he said might be useful, or necessary, in performing those duties she might be called to in life, and which were approved of by God,—such as becoming better acquainted with the different conditions of her fellow creatures in other parts of the world,—in managing a household,—or being kind to strangers, and so on.’

‘And then we had our dancing lesson,’ continued Anna.

‘You shall yourself decide as to its usefulness, Anna,’ replied her uncle ; and Anna could not discover that it could be of any use whatever in preparing her for heaven, or for fulfilling any duty to her fellow creatures ; and then Uncle Murray said, ‘Well, Anna, I think you will have enough to do. Your first lesson every day, after you have read and prayed in your own room, and joined in our family worship, and assisted your aunt while I have the little boys, shall

be with me; but as it is to be one of thought and reflection on your part, I shall always tell you the day before, what I shall wish you to do, that you may be prepared, as you know I have very little time to spare from my duties to my people. To-morrow, my dear child, when you come here, I hope you will be prepared to answer me distinctly this question:’ and then Mr Murray wrote on a bit of paper, ‘What does Jesus Christ say we ought to seek first?’ and gave it to Anna, and then sent her away to her aunt, saying, that he would arrange about her other lessons when Kenneth and Norman came home.

In a day or two every hour of Anna’s time was occupied, excepting a part of the forenoon, during which her uncle was visiting the sick, or old, or afflicted, or dying people in his parish, and her aunt was busied with her household concerns, or teaching the little boys, and Kenneth and Norman were at school. During the evenings, Ken-

neth became her teacher in grammar, geography, writing, and many other things which he knew about, Anna thought, better than Miss Palmer ; for Kenneth was very clever, and very industrious and studious, and was always at the head of all his classes at school. He was always so gentle to Anna, and so anxious she should learn from him, and took so much pains with her, that she soon went to him, in all her difficulties, and told him every thing that distressed her, or that made her happy, and Kenneth was always ready to listen to her, and to tell her what was good and right ; and when she was in fault, Kenneth would tell her so, but so kindly, that she loved him the better ; and the questions that her uncle gave her to answer every day, were always talked over with Kenneth, and he would make her understand their meaning, and assist her in finding an answer, which made her know more about God and his will than she could find out herself. He assisted her to answer her uncle's first question, and showed

her that Jesus had said, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.'

When the days grew long, and the weather warm, Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman would go out into the fields to get their lessons; and there was one favourite spot where they usually went. It was a hill behind the house where the sheep went to feed. The turf on this hill was short and smooth, and mixed with pretty wild-flowers, and there were grey stones and rocks on some parts of it, as if just intended for seats. One of these stones was their table, and others were their seats, and the manse, with its garden and surrounding trees, was at the bottom of the hill, and many higher hills and mountains, partly covered with heath, were all around them. Here they would sit and get their lessons,—and Kenneth and Norman would teach Anna to sing hymns,—and Kenneth would sing words out of his own head, when he saw the sun set among the mountains, about the glory and goodness of God,—and then he

would speak so earnestly to Anna and Norman about being sure they had come to Christ, and that they had taken Him for their Saviour, and loved Him, that it would make them pray in their hearts while he was speaking to them.

Month after month passed away in this manner at Uncle Murray's, and Anna every day loved her uncle and aunt, and Kenneth and Norman, and every one, more and more; and they also treated her as if they loved her very, very dearly. Those hours in the forenoon, which she at first spent in sauntering about in idleness, she now occupied in taking charge of Kenneth's clothes. She had thought with herself what she could do in return for all the kindness and trouble he bestowed on her, and it struck her that she could thus best return his kindness, by lessening his mother's cares. Her aunt gratefully accepted her offer, and when Kenneth knew what she did, he was so obliged and grateful, that she felt delighted to do any thing for him; and she was far,

far happier when thus employed, and conversing with her aunt, than when idle.

Anna never thought how time was passing; and when her Uncle Murray, one evening after she came in from the hill, took her on his knee, and said, 'To-morrow, Anna, you have completed your stay of six months at Daluthen,' Anna was so surprised, she could scarcely believe what she heard.

'Six months, uncle! Is it really six months? It seems so short.'

'It is indeed six months, my dear Anna; and I have a letter from your Uncle Ross, saying, he and his family are coming to spend a few days with a friend who lives about five miles from this,—that they will arrive there to-morrow. They have been travelling about to see the country, but do not mean to see any thing more till you join them, which, your uncle says, must be the day after to-morrow. Uncle Murray looked sad when he told Anna this, and Anna could not keep from crying; and when she

looked round, every one was looking sad or anxious.

‘I am not going away,’ said Anna, clasping her arms round her uncle’s neck. ‘I am going to choose to remain here.’

‘Stop, my love,’ said her uncle; ‘hush Kenneth,’ for Kenneth had uttered an exclamation of joy. ‘You must make your choice, Anna, in the presence of your Uncle Ross and his family. You must pray to God to direct you. You must listen to your Uncle and Aunt Ross, while they tell you what you must give up if you leave them. All this you must do before your choice is made, and I do not consider what you have said now as at all fixing your decision. No one must say another word on the subject,’ continued Mr Murray, addressing his family, ‘Anna must make her choice entirely herself.’

Every one obeyed; but every one looked sad. It was soon known in the house that Anna was going away, and perhaps might not come back, and Nannie and Mattie looked as sad as the others; and they told

it to the people who lived in the cottages near, and old Janet Reay, to whom Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman, read the Bible by turns every day, because she could no longer see, came, almost bent double, and leaning on her staff, to the house, to hear the dear 'bairn's' sweet voice tell her that she would come back ; and the little orphan, Willy Graham, who was fed, and clothed, and taught, and treated as a child or brother by Mrs Murray and the young people, watched for Anna, that he might entreat her not to vex every body by going away : and every one lamented, because it would grieve Mrs Murray, who seemed now to love Anna as a daughter.

Anna did as her uncle directed her. She prayed to God to teach her how to choose, and while she so prayed, she felt certain that she ought to remain at her Uncle Murray's, and that she ought to feel grateful to that God, who had indeed been her Father, and had brought her from a house where she was taught to forget and disobey Him, to one

where she was taught to love and serve Him : and she determined to choose Uncle Murray's for her home. She, however, said nothing, as her uncle had seemed to wish it so ; and on the morning she left Daluthen with him to go to meet her Uncle Ross, every one seemed as sad as if she never was coming back. Aunt Murray could scarcely let her go, but held her to her heart, and kissed her, and wept, till Uncle Murray was obliged, gently, to take her away ; then Kenneth was not to be seen at all, and nobody knew where he was but Norman, who said he was not far away, but did not want to bid Anna farewell ; and Norman was attempting to keep from crying, but could not, and the little boys, and Nannie and Mattie, were all crying ; and Willy Graham was standing with his arms round Shag's neck, whose back he seemed ready to mount, and follow the carriage.

At last Mr Murray and Anna got away, and after a drive of an hour, arrived at the splendid house of Mr Hodges, a rich old

West Indian friend of Uncle Ross's who had purchased an estate, and built this fine house upon it. Mr Murray was so much respected within many miles of his own neighbourhood, that he was received with great civility by Mr and Mrs Hodges; and Uncle Ross was in raptures to see his own Anna. 'We shall not part again, my own child; we shall all be happy again. I have missed you every day; dear child let me look at you. How you are grown! and what a colour! Well, I shall always feel obliged to the Murrays, for they must have taken great care of you.

'And she really does not look so awkward as I expected,' said Aunt Ross; 'a little too robust perhaps, though no, I believe it is only the unfashionable shape of her frock and spenser. We shall soon get all put to rights, and Louisa will do so much better when she has you again, my dear.'

'Where is Louisa, aunt?' asked Anna, rather hurt at her not being ready to meet her on her arrival.

‘You shall see her presently, my love,’ said her uncle, looking significantly at Aunt Ross. ‘Come, we shall sit in this window, and we shall see her and George very soon.’

Anna sat down on her uncle’s knee at the window, as he desired. ‘There they are!’ exclaimed Uncle Ross. ‘Look, Anna! They wished to surprise you;’ and when Anna looked, she saw George driving Louisa in a low small curricule, drawn by two pretty ponies, which were ornamented by many gay trappings of blue and silver.

‘Well, Anna, what do you think of that?’ asked Uncle Ross. ‘They received that pretty carriage in a present from Mr Hodges, and George will drive you in it, my darling.’

Anna thought she had never seen any thing so beautiful, and she asked leave to go down and meet George and Louisa, who were now looking up to the window, and inviting her by signs to join them.

When Anna went down, George desired Louisa to get out of the curricule, and allow Anna to take her place. To this Louisa

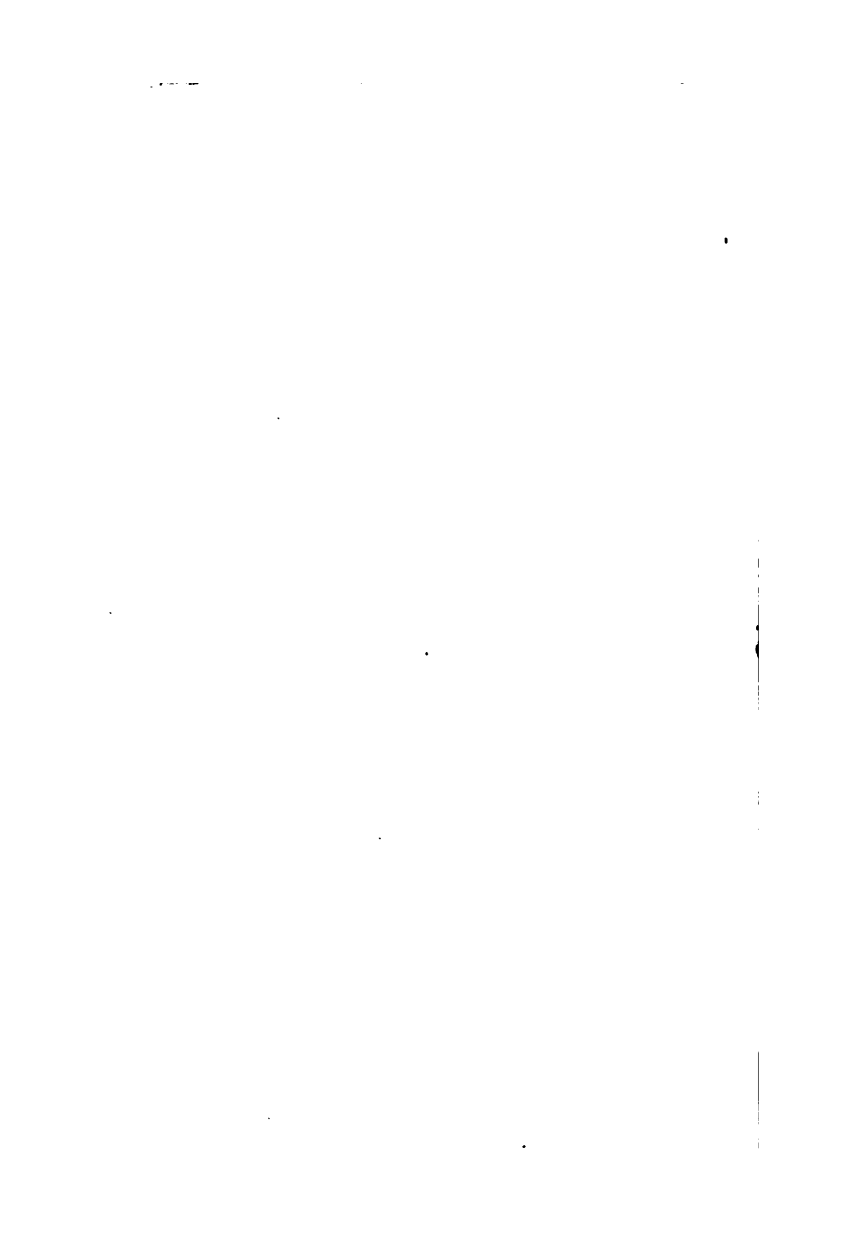
objected, saying there was room for both, and squeezing herself closer to George, who protested loudly against her doing so, declaring that the curricie was his, and he should have whom he chose in it; and then there was a long altercation, and each said more harsh and unkind things to each other, than Anna had heard pass between the young Murrays, the whole time she had been with them. At last Louisa was obliged to yield till George should drive Anna once to a particular part of the grounds, and back again; and then off went the smooth-going little curricie, the ponies so nicely matched and trained, that they seemed to move every rapid step together; and a boy, smartly dressed as a groom, followed on another pretty pony.

‘We shall play Louisa a trick,’ said George, on coming in sight of the gate which led to the public road. He then called to his little groom to open the gate, and drove out upon the road. Anna remonstrated, and said George was not keep-





GEORGE'S CURRIOLE.



ing his promise ; but George only laughed, and drove the quicker. On coming to a turn in the road, a little way from the gate, Anna was much surprised to see on a bank, at a little distance, Shag leisurely feeding, while Willy Graham was lying on the grass beside him. 'What a pony ! what an ill-kept animal !' exclaimed George, drawing the reins, so as to bring his ponies to a walking pace. 'And that cunning-looking little rascal, I dare say he is one of the young rogues Mr Hodges is always complaining of, who come to poach, and who steal his hares.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Anna, 'he is not, indeed ; I know who he is.' But George, as usual, did not listen, but called out, 'Ho, you young scoundrel, what do you want, lying about there, watching for an opportunity to steal !' for so he had heard Mr Hodges address some boys the day before. 'George, George !' exclaimed Anna, attempting to stop him ; 'how can you speak so ? It is Willy Graham. How can you

be so cruel? He would not steal for the whole world. Let me out; I want to speak to Willy.'

'Speak to that low boy, Anna! No, no, when you come back to us, you must forget that you ever knew such kind of people;' and George turned his ponies, and drove back into the grounds, while Anna looked back toward poor Willy, who had never moved from his posture, nor said a word, but was now looking wistfully after them.

Louisa reproached George, on his return, for having broken his word; and after he had given her a drive for a little way, it was agreed that they should go for a time into the house, as they wished to hear what Anna had been about while she was at the manse. Whatever Anna told them only made her two cousins laugh; 'and so,' said George at last, 'poor Anna, you have spent six months in praying, and singing psalms, and reading to blind old women, and teaching dirty orphans to spell, and washing tea-cups, and darning your cousin clodpole's stock-

ings. Oh, poor Anna, how I pity you! But it is over now, and we shall be as merry as we used to be, and you shall have as many drives as you please in my curricule to comfort you, and make you forget your six months' misery.'

'And come now with me,' said Louisa, 'and I shall show you the dresses Mamma has bought for you, though you are so grown I fear they will be rather short; but, at any rate, they will be very pretty; and you are to go out of mourning when you come back to us. And some ladies and young people are to dine here to-day, and you know, after tea, there is to be your declaration of your choice; and then, when your solemn Uncle Murray goes away, we are to finish the day by a little ball; and Mr Hodges has been so busy preparing, for he has no children of his own, though Mamma says he is dying to have some, and he is so fond of us—but come away—' and off Louisa flew, dragging Anna along with her to her Mamma's room, where many

dressess were displayed, and Mrs Ross's maid ready to dress the children. Aunt Ross herself soon appeared, and then there was such fitting, and cutting of hair, and curling, and dressing, for about two hours; and then Mrs Ross pronounced Anna to be 'really wonderfully improved in look,' and astonishingly little awkward, considering all things. During this business of dressing, Louisa had been constantly running to the window to look at the carriages which arrived with company to dinner, and at some she laughed, and others she admired.

At last Mrs Ross and her two girls descended to the drawing-room, where a large party were assembled, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and young people; and they and Aunt Ross, and the girls, were introduced to each other, and then they all sat very formally, and began to try to speak to each other. Some of the young people did not look formal, and seemed happy to meet; but Anna remembered that her Aunt Ross used to warn Louisa and her against becom-

ing intimate with any young persons till she had discovered who they were, and given them leave; and Anna, though she had, on the contrary, been taught by her Uncle Murray to love every one, and to be always ready to meet any human being kindly, yet now felt, somehow, as if she must obey her Aunt Ross in the present company.

After dinner the young people were allowed to go out on the lawn, and to see George's beautiful curricule: and then George and Louisa told their young companions of the choice Anna was to make in the evening, and laughed when they spoke of her Uncle Murray, and said it was ridiculous of him to stay, for it would be impossible for any one to help laughing if he looked disappointed.

Some of the boys said they would not laugh; they would be sorry for Mr Murray.

'Sorry!' repeated George, 'sorry that Anna is not to spend all her life in singing psalms and darning stockings!' and then most of the young people laughed, and Anna

thought in her heart, she would rather be with her Uncle Murray, and her aunt, and Kenneth, where every one loved each other, and felt kindly for each other, than stay in ever so fine a house, where people could amuse themselves by laughing at her dearest friends; and when she looked at George, as he stood holding the reins of his pretty ponies, and speaking in this way, she thought she would rather sing hymns with Kenneth on the hill, or even darn his stockings alone in her aunt's little parlour, and think how grateful he would feel to her for doing so, than drive in George's curricule all the day along.

At last tea was over, and Mr Murray said he must prepare for returning home. Uncle Ross had been very civil to Mr Murray, because he thought he would have to part with Anna in the evening, and was sorry for him; and now he placed a chair for him near himself, and said, 'Let us two uncles speak a few words each to Anna, and then let her say in whose house she will

choose to remain as her future home.' Anna sat opposite her uncles. Her Aunt Ross sat by her, and whispered to her, 'Now, my love, say nothing rude or unkind to your Uncle Murray.'

All the other ladies and gentlemen, and young people sat, or stood round, and waited in silent expectation, for the end of this scene.

Uncle Ross then said, 'My dear Anna, your parents left directions in their will that you should be allowed to choose your own home. They directed that you should first reside six months with me, then six months with your uncle, Mr Murray, and at the end of these twelve months choose with whom you would remain. You are now ten years old, Anna, and have a great deal of good sense; so I am sure you must be aware of how superior the advantages you will enjoy in my house must be to those which your good uncle, Mr Murray, has to offer you. I will now say, before all these ladies and gentlemen, that if you

come to me, I will make your fortune the same as Louisa's; and you know, Anna, I love you with the affection of a father.' Mr Ross said no more, but turning to Mr Murray, who immediately said, 'In choosing to remain with me, Anna, I plainly tell you that you will give up many worldly advantages. I can offer you none whatever; but, Anna, "what will it profit you if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul?" You know in whose house your soul's concerns will be most attended to. Think, my child, what counsel your parents would give you were they at this moment present. I shall say no more, Anna. You know that your aunt and I, and all of us, love you dearly, and will rejoice to have you; so, my love, think in your heart, and then choose.'

'I have chosen,' exclaimed Anna, rising and throwing herself on her Uncle Murray's breast. 'I will never leave you, Uncle Murray. You shall teach me. You have taught me how I shall again meet my own

dear Mamma,—how I shall go to heaven. Uncle Murray, I choose to remain with you.'

'Anna, Anna, what do you mean? Think before you speak!' exclaimed Uncle Ross, seizing her arm to draw her away.

'No, no,' said Uncle Murray, clasping her close into his breast, 'I will not give up my own dear child.'

'Sir, how can you be so madly selfish!' exclaimed Uncle Ross, in a voice of such passion that it made Anna cling closer to her Uncle Murray. 'You know that you have not a sixpence to give the child. You know that, if you were to die to-morrow, your own would be beggars, and that Anna would be obliged to come to me. Give up the child.'

'I will not give up my precious child,' replied Uncle Murray quite mildly. 'Your life, Sir, and my life, and her life, are in the hands of God. We have only to act aright in the present moment, and leave the future to Him.'

Mr Hodges now took Mr Ross aside, and

spoke something about law ; and then Uncle Ross became calmer, and said, ‘ You are right, Hodges, the law will set such a matter as this to rights ;’ but Aunt Ross knew that Mr Hodges had just put law into Uncle Ross’s head to make him calm, and that no law could set aside a parent’s will in such a matter. She therefore attempted to use fair means.

‘ My dear Mr Murray,’ said she, putting on her most winning face, ‘ Surely you are not serious ?’

‘ I am perfectly so, Madam,’ replied Mr Murray.

‘ But consider the child’s interest, Sir.’

‘ I do, Madam, I think the salvation of the child’s soul her very dearest interest.’

‘ Pshaw ! Mr Murray that is mere cant,’ rejoined Mrs Ross, getting angry ; but recollecting herself, ‘ at least,’ added she, ‘ you say so in character as a clergyman ; but surely, in conscience, you must be aware of the superior advantages Anna would enjoy with us.’

‘What are the advantages you mean, Madam?’ asked Mr Murray, on observing that the whole party were listening excepting Uncle Ross and Mr Hodges.

‘Why, Sir, how can you ask such a question? Every one must know what I mean. Advantages in education, in manners, in fortune, in society, in every thing.’

‘But the *one thing needful*,’ said Mr Murray, smiling. Then turning to Anna, who still clung to him, ‘My Anna, we must go; take leave of your cousins.’

George and Louisa looked quite stupified with astonishment; and when Anna went to take leave turned away from her without speaking. But when she and her uncle left the room, they seemed to come to life, and ran down stairs. Some of the other young people also followed; and George caught hold of Anna exclaiming, ‘Anna is in jest, Sir. She does not mean what you suppose. Come back, Anna,’ attempting to draw her away.

‘No, no, no,’ exclaimed Anna, ‘I am

not in jest. Farewell, George;' and she held fast by her uncle's arm.

'Go then, Miss Anna,' said George in a passion, 'and darn stockings to the end of the chapter. John,' continued he, 'is the old rattle-um of a chaise ready? Get them away.'

The old chaise was soon at the door; for the servants had never asked the post-boy to put it or his horses any where, and left him to feed them as he could; and now not one of the saucy footmen seemed to intend to open the door; while George stood pretending to laugh at the crazy machine, as he called the chaise. Two of the young visitors, however, immediately ran forward, and opened the carriage door, and as they handed Anna in, said, 'You have done very right.' And then they looked with much respect at Mr Murray, who shook hands kindly with them as he passed into the carriage.

Anna felt happy when she found herself safe and alone with her Uncle Murray; and

she threw her arms round his neck, and he embraced, and blessed her, and called her his daughter, and looked so happy and so kind, that she thought him like what an angel would be, when she thought at the same time of the angry passionate faces she had left; and she loved him more dearly than ever.

When Anna and her uncle came to that part of the road near the gate, where Anna had seen Willy,—there he was still. The instant, however, in which he discovered that Anna was in the chaise with her uncle, he sprung on Shag's back, and urging him up the bank, and across a field toward a hill at a little distance, he was soon out of sight. In about five minutes, as the travellers passed the hill, a bright blaze burst forth on its top, and instantly there was another blaze on a hill about half a mile further on the road to Daluthen, and then another and another all the way to the manse: For so Kenneth and Willy had agreed, that it might be known as soon as possible whether

Anna was returning; and Willy had got friends of his to gather dried whins, and place them on the top of these hills, and remain beside them, keeping up a little fire to be ready to set the whins in a blaze; and Kenneth had remained with his mother; and Willy and Shag had watched at Mr Hodges' gate, to be ready, the instant he saw Mr Murray, either to have the signals set on fire, or to return in sadness.

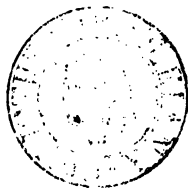
And now the post-boy seemed to enter into every one's feelings of anxiety to meet, and his horses went so rapidly,—and Uncle Murray was so kind, and spoke to Anna as his own child, and seemed so pleased with her, that she never had felt so happy in her whole life before,—and when she came within about a quarter of a mile of the manse, there was Aunt Murray, and Kenneth, and the other boys, all coming to meet her,—and then such a joyful meeting, though Kenneth did not speak a word, and there were tears in his eyes, and then old Janet Reay was seated at her cottage door as they

passed, that she might once more hear the dear bairn's sweet, cheery voice,—and many of Mr Murray's people were standing about near the road, just to see the dear young creature, who had given up this world, and chosen the better part,—and all was love and kindness, and good-will,—and Mr Murray spoke kindly to his people, and they looked with reverence and love at him,—and when the party went into the house there was Nannie and Mattie in equal joy, though they both declared they were sure Miss Anna would come back. Sweet was the hymn to Anna that she sung with all her dear friends that night, and still sweeter was it to her when she heard her uncle thank God for having put it into the heart of their beloved child to return to them.

Next Sabbath Mrs Murray put off her mourning dress, and Anna put off hers; for Mrs Murray said she and Mr Murray had found another daughter instead of their Mary, and the orphan Anna had found a father, and mother, and brothers; though

Mrs Murray still often spoke of her beloved Mary, and Anna often spoke of her own Papa and Mamma, who lay far away, near the field of Waterloo.

THE END.



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